

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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{ From Beginning,  
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## WAITING.

THOU of the sunny head,  
With lilies garlanded,  
And bosom fairer than the blown sea-foam ;  
O Spring, in what waste desert dost thou stay  
Whilst leaves await thy presence to unfold ?  
The branches of the lime with frost are gray,  
And all imprisoned is the crocus' gold.  
Come, sweet Enchantress, come !

Though, in the sombre west,  
Thy star hath lit his crest —  
Pale Phosphor, fronting full the withered  
moon —  
Thy violets are sepultured in snow,  
Thy daisies twinkle never in the sun,  
Rude winds throughout the ruined forests  
blow,  
And silent is the dove's melodious moan :  
Enchantress, hasten soon.

White are the country ways,  
And white the tangled maze,  
Loved of the oxlip and the creeping thyme ;  
Bare shakes the poplar on the sullen ridge,  
Cold glooms the spectral mill above the  
flood ;  
Hoarse torrents stream beneath the ivied  
bridge,  
And lightnings strike the darkness of the  
wood :  
Enchantress, bless our clime.

No bloom of dewy morn,  
No freshly blossomed thorn,  
Gladdens the importunings of sad eyes ;  
The day wastes dearly, through cloud and  
sleet ;  
Over the watered meadows and stark vales  
The night comes down impetuous and fleet,  
And ships and cities shiver in the gales :  
O fair Enchantress, rise.

Arise, and bring with thee  
The rathe bud for the tree,  
The healing sunshine for the trampled grass ;  
Loose tendrils for the boughs which bless  
the eaves,  
And shield the swallows in the rainy hours,  
The pendent flames which the laburnum  
heaves,  
And faint scents for the wind-stirred lilac  
flowers.  
Enchantress, breathe and pass.

Men knew, and kissed, of old,  
Thy garment's glittering fold —  
Thy radiant footprint on the mead or waste ;  
Earth kindled at thine advent — altars  
burned,  
And ringing cymbals bade the heaths be  
gay ;  
Put now, in sunless solitudes inurned,  
Thou leav'st the world unto reluctant day.  
O haste, Enchantress, haste !

The larks shall sing again,  
Between the sun and rain,

The brown bee through the flowered pastures  
roam,  
There shall be music in the frozen woods  
A gurgling carol in the rushing brook,  
An odour in the half-unbosomed bud,  
And dancing fox-gloves in each forest  
nook :  
Then, come, Enchantress, come.  
Chambers' Journal.

## A CRY OF THE SPIRIT.

I AM so weary, Lord ! my load of care  
Seems still more heavy with each opening  
day ;  
I cannot lift it. Father, hear my prayer !  
And give me strength to keep the upward  
way.

I am so lonely, Lord, the gay and bright  
And prosperous ones of earth all pass me by ;  
The friends of happier days ignore my night :  
I come to thee, oh Father, hear my cry !

I am so hungry, Lord, my soul is faint  
For heavenly nourishment, amid the strife :  
I starve, oh Father ; hear thy child's complaint  
And feed my spirit with " the bread of life."

I am so thirsty, Lord, my heart would sink  
Withered and parched upon earth's arid  
plain ;  
Fill thou my cup, oh Father, let me drink  
Of " living water " ne'er to thirst again.

I am so sad, oh Lord, the cries of woe  
From suffering human souls afflict mine ear ;  
Oh save and help them, Father, and I know  
They must be comforted when thou art near.

Weary and lonely, hungry, thirsty, sad,  
With all my sorrows, Lord, to thee I come ;  
Safe in my Father's arms I will be glad,  
And wait, in faith, till he shall call me home.  
November, 1873. A.

Transcript.

A GERMAN TRANSLATION OF MR. BOUR-  
DILLON'S "LIGHT." \*

TAUSEND Augen hat die Nacht  
Eins nur giebt dem Tage Licht ;  
Doch erlischt der Welten Pracht,  
Wenn der Sonne Glanz gebracht.

Tausend Augen hat der Geist,  
Eins nur hat das Herz dabei ;  
Doch ein ganzes Leben reisst  
Mit der Liebe Tod entzwei.

October 25.

A. S.  
Spectator.

From The Edinburgh Review.  
THE IRON MASK.\*

THE subject of these volumes forms one of those curious riddles of history which, if not of special interest in themselves, become, nevertheless, important from the associations and mystery connected with them. Ever since the brilliant pen of Voltaire gave definite shape to the strange legend, the story of the Man in the Iron Mask has stirred the fancy or perplexed the judgment of students of the reign of Louis XIV.; and few tales in the annals of France are more dramatic and suggestive of awe than the phantom of this imprisoned victim, withdrawn from the sight of men by his pitiless gaoler, and, after a life of fearful seclusion, disappearing finally within the shadow of the Bastille, one of the untold secrets of that terrible prison-house. Increasing research and knowledge, indeed, have, in the opinion of judicious critics, put an end to most of the extravagant guesses of the eighteenth century upon this subject; and the incident is not so attractive now as it was in the days when it was thought to hide a state secret which perhaps affected the fortunes of France and even of Europe. Few at present imagine that the prisoner of Saint-Mars was an illegitimate son of Anne of Austria, a twin brother of Louis XIV., or even a personage of great distinction; and still fewer, probably, think that the tale points to some horrible and nameless deed which the House of Bourbon was afraid to divulge even at the period of its highest power. Of late years three views only have been commonly held on this question; and it has been generally supposed that the Mask was either Mattioli, an Italian agent of the Duke of Mantua, of no great note, or else an unknown prisoner of obscure station, or finally, that the tale is a myth, and that the existence of the Mask is incapable of proof. The vagueness, however, of notions like these has obviously left the problem unsolved; and as it remains one of no or-

inary interest, we purpose to examine it in detail, and to review this tragedy of the seventeenth century with the aid of the latest information on the subject. That information has, in the main, been gathered from the volumes before us; and our readers, we hope, will be of opinion that, if not as complete as could be wished, it is, nevertheless, of real value.

A word, however, must first be said as regards the character of these publications, which may not unfitly be placed together, although of very unequal merit. M. Topin's is an agreeable essay abounding in interesting and useful matter, and written in a singularly pleasing style; but though it refutes with clearness and force what at one time were popular theories as to the identity of the masked prisoner, it puts forward, we think, a false hypothesis and arrives at an incorrect conclusion. The elaborate treatise of M. Lung is a work of a very different kind, and we do not hesitate to assert is the most earnest attempt to master the real facts of the question which any writer has hitherto made. This gentleman, a staff officer in the French army, has examined with the most praiseworthy care, and analyzed with no little ability, the evidence which the state papers and archives of the War Department in France yield upon the subject; and the result has been, that although he has not succeeded in proving his case, he has certainly narrowed the field of inquiry and reduced it within a small compass. His diligent and exhaustive studies, too, have thrown a great deal of fresh light on passages in the age of Louis XIV. which had not attracted sufficient notice; and if, as we think, the chief value of investigations of this description is the addition they make to historical knowledge, we must characterize his work as very successful. We repeat, however, we believe he has failed to establish the identity of the Mask; and his book, we must add, swarms with errors of the press, which occasionally greatly obscure the narrative.

Who then was the Man in the Iron

\* 1. *The Man with the Iron Mask*. By MARIUS TOPIN. Paris and London: 1869.

2. *La Vérité sur le Masque de Fer*. Par TH. LUNG, officier d'état-major. Paris: 1873.

Mask, and is it possible to ascertain the name and rank of the captive whose fate Voltaire records so vividly and with such a parade of circumstance? It is necessary, however, first to show that the story has a foundation in fact; for, as we have said, some critics have held that the existence of the Mask is a fiction, and that the tradition is simply untrue. It is idle, however, to reject the mass of evidence forthcoming on this subject; and though M. Iung has clearly proved that more than one instance of masking prisoners appears in the state papers of that age, the individuality of the Man in the Iron Mask has, we think, been established beyond question. The register of Dujunca, the chief turnkey of the Bastille, admittedly an authentic document, is the first proof that the mysterious personage, who has been the theme of so much inquiry, was a prisoner who arrived at the fortress in the month of September 1698, having been accompanied from the islands of Sainte-Marguerite, where he had been detained a considerable time, by Saint-Mars, the notorious satellite of Louvois, and gaoler of the reign of Louis XIV., to whom the governorship of the Bastille had been recently confided. The following lines occur in this most important record:—"On Thursday, the 18th September, 1698, at three o'clock in the afternoon, M. Saint-Mars, the governor, arrived at the Bastille for the first time from the islands of Sainte-Marguerite and Saint Honorat. He brought with him in his own litter an ancient prisoner formerly under his care at Pignerol, and whose name remains untold. *This prisoner was always kept masked*, and was at first lodged in the Basinière tower. . . . I conducted him afterwards to the Bertaudière tower, and put him in a room which, by order of M. de Saint-Mars, I had furnished before his arrival."

The same unimpeachable witness fixes the date of the death of the secluded captive:—"On Monday, the 19th of November, 1703, the unknown prisoner, *who had continually worn a black velvet mask*, and whom M. de Saint-Mars had brought with him from the islands of

Sainte-Marguerite, died to-day at about ten o'clock in the evening, having been yesterday taken slightly ill. He had been a long time in M. de Saint Mars's hands, and his illness was exceedingly trifling. . . . This unknown prisoner, so long in ward, was buried on the following day, the 20th of November, at four o'clock in the afternoon, in the cemetery of St. Paul in our parish."

The existence at the Bastille of the masked prisoner, and the precautions taken that he should not be recognized, were also distinct traditions of the place. The son-in-law of an old physician of the Bastille told Voltaire that "he had often prescribed for this extraordinary prisoner when ill, and that he had never seen his face, though he had examined his tongue and the rest of his person."

M. Linguet, too, who was detained in the Bastille about the middle of the last century, has left this record of the unknown captive:—"The prisoner wore a mask of velvet, not of iron, at least during the time that he was in the Bastille. The Governor attended him in prison, and removed his linen. When he went to mass he was strictly forbidden to speak, or to show himself; the Invalides had orders to shoot him if he made the attempt; their muskets were kept loaded for this purpose; so he took care to conceal himself and to remain silent. At his death everything about him was burned or examined."

Finally M. Formanoir, a grand-nephew of Saint-Mars, expressly declared that the prisoner of 1698 was no other than the celebrated Mask, and gave this account, from an eye-witness, of the care with which he was kept concealed during his journey from the islands to the Bastille:—

In 1698 M. de Saint-Mars exchanged the governorship of the island for that of the Bastille. When he set off to enter on his new office, he stayed with his prisoner for a short time at Palteau, his estate. The Mask arrived in a litter which preceded that of M. de Saint-Mars; they were accompanied by several men on horseback. The peasants went to meet their seigneur. M. de Saint-Mars took his meals with his prisoner, who sat with his back



towards the windows of the room, which looked into the courtyard. The peasants of whom I made inquiry could not see if he had his mask on when eating; but they observed that M. de Saint-Mars, who sat opposite to him at table, had a pair of pistols beside his plate. They were attended by a single valet only, Antoine Ru, who took away the dishes set down to him in an antechamber, having first carefully shut the door of the dining-room. When the prisoner crossed the courtyard a black mask was always on his face.

This evidence puts it beyond doubt that Dujunca's prisoner of 1698 was the personage known as the Iron Mask, that he was so recognized by the traditions of the Bastille, where he died in 1703, and that he was guarded with extraordinary care at the fortress, and during his journey to it. The prisoner, however, of 1698, whom we shall henceforward call the Mask, came, we have seen, from the islands of Sainte-Marguerite, then, as now, the site of a state prison overlooking the tranquil sea of Provence; and can we trace him in this lonely spot, and become better acquainted with him? Now, Saint-Mars was governor of the islands from 1687 to 1698, and M. Iung has, we think, proved that the Mask was during all this time in the custody of this trusty gaoler, and was guarded by him with peculiar strictness. M. Iung establishes this by showing that the Mask must be identified with "an ancient," a "twenty years old" prisoner who was kept by Saint-Mars in complete seclusion by the special orders of the King and his ministers, and was the object of extraordinary precautions. Thus Barbézieux, the son and successor of Louvois, describes the Mask as "your ancient prisoner" in a letter of July 19, 1698; this document being the order in which Saint-Mars was directed to leave the islands, and to bring his charge to the Bastille:—"It is the King's pleasure that you take your departure from the islands of Sainte-Marguerite, and make your way to the Bastille with your ancient prisoner. You are to take diligent care that no one shall see him or know who he is. You may write beforehand to the lieutenant of his Majesty at the Bas-

tille to have a room ready for the prisoner upon his arrival."

The Mask is thus evidently this "ancient prisoner;" and it may be added that the "lieutenant" of the Bastille was no other than the turnkey Dujunca, who, as we have seen, provided a room for the Mask, according to the orders of Saint-Mars. The same epithet is applied to the prisoner in a similar letter of June 15; and it will be borne in mind that these letters were written a few months only before the journey to the Bastille:—"I may now tell you that his Majesty has seen with pleasure that you have made up your mind to become governor of the Bastille. You may make your arrangements to leave upon notice from me, and to bring with you, in sure confinement, your ancient prisoner." In fact, we find this is the description given of the Mask during almost the whole time that Saint-Mars was governor of the islands. Barbézieux wrote this in November 1696:—"You are to do your duty with respect to the prisoners entrusted to your keeping, that is to look after them carefully, and not to let any human being know what your ancient prisoner is doing." Again, in August 1691, Barbézieux, soon after he had become minister, refers to the prisoner in these remarkable terms:—"Your letter of the 26th of the last month has come to hand. Should you have anything to tell me about the prisoner who has been in your custody for twenty years, I must request you to employ the same precautions which you employed in the time of M. de Louvois."

Saint-Mars makes use of the same kind of expression in a letter of January 1696, which, besides, shows with what watchful care the unknown captive was regularly guarded:—

My two lieutenants attend at meal-time, at the appointed hour, as they have seen me do, and as I do myself when I am well enough. This is the way, Monseigneur. The first of my lieutenants takes the keys of the cell of my ancient prisoner—for we begin with him—and, having opened the three doors, enters the chamber of the prisoner, who civilly hands him the plates and dishes, which he has himself piled one over the other. My lieutenant,

having got these, goes out by two of the doors only, and gives them to one of my sergeants at a table close by. The second lieutenant is stationed at this spot; he examines everything that goes in to and leaves the prisoner, and takes care to see whether any writing can be found on the plates or dishes.

These documents certainly, we think, prove that we must associate the Mask with the "ancient prisoner," "the prisoner of twenty years' standing," who was known emphatically by that name during the residence of Saint-Mars at the islands. M. Iung, however, has gone further: he proposes to give a complete list of all the prisoners at Sainte-Marguerite from 1687 to 1698; and he endeavours to show that, except the Mask, not one of these can fulfil the character of the "ancient" or "twenty years'" prisoner. Assuming that he has exhausted every name, we think he has established this part of his case; but we doubt if this negative kind of evidence was necessary to produce conviction; and we are satisfied to rest our judgment, so far as regards this branch of the question, on the previous testimony adduced by him. We may glance, however, at his careful analysis, for it is useful in more than one particular. Apart from the concealed Mask, the prisoners at the islands, M. Iung tells us, were, altogether, fourteen in number, and we may divide them into three classes; the first consisting of three persons, of little importance and whose names are known, the second of eight Huguenot pastors, victims of the atrocities of the Dragonnades, and the third of three prisoners brought from Pignerol when that fortress was finally abandoned by Louis XIV. in 1694. No person, however, in these classes, M. Iung insists, can be identified with the "ancient or twenty years old prisoner," that is, we certainly think, with the Mask, though M. Topin has selected one in an attempt to maintain an exploded theory. For two of the prisoners in the first class, M. Iung proves were not incarcerated until 1694 and 1695—that is only a short time before Saint-Mars left Sainte-Marguerite: and the third was a M. de Chézet, who, having been at the islands when Saint-Mars arrived, was almost certainly released afterwards, and could not, therefore, have been his "ancient prisoner." Nor can any of the eight pastors, who form the second class, be made to answer the above description, for they were all imprisoned after 1689, and had either died before 1698, when Saint-Mars set off with the Mask, or remained after

he had left in the islands. As for the third class of prisoners, those brought from Pignerol, Saint-Mars was governor of that fortress, as we shall see, for a considerable time, and therefore it is possible to contend, as M. Topin has endeavoured to do, that one of these persons may have been the "ancient or twenty years' prisoner," and accordingly that the nameless Mask is to be looked for in this category. In examining the hypothesis of M. Topin we shall recur to this view again; but we may at once say that the position he has chosen appears to be quite untenable. Saint-Mars had not been at Pignerol for thirteen years, when in 1694 he received the prisoners despatched from that fortress; and how therefore could one of these persons be properly described as "your ancient prisoner," your "prisoner of twenty years' standing"? Besides, we find this appellation given to a prisoner in the islands in 1691, that is three years before the removal of the three prisoners from Pignerol, and we cannot suppose with the evidence before us, that this characteristic name was afterwards transferred without any assignable cause, to one of these persons.

We agree, therefore, with M. Iung, on the assumption that his list is complete, that of all the prisoners at Sainte-Marguerite the Mask only can be said to have been the "ancient" or "twenty years'" prisoner, though we accept his other proofs as conclusive. And here in passing we may remark that M. Iung's industry has made quite plain one of those obscure passages in the legend of the Mask which have always been thought of peculiar interest. Every one knows how graphically Voltaire describes the incident of the mysterious prisoner throwing a silver plate, on which he had scratched some characters, out of the grated window of his lonely tower; the object of the historian being to show that one who was served on silver must have been a personage of high distinction. The story has certainly some foundation; but M. Iung has proved that the plate in question was not of silver but of common tin, and that the prisoner was one of the Huguenot pastors immured, as we have seen, for the sake of religion. This is evident from the following letter from Saint-Mars to Barbézieux, which also illustrates the kind of treatment to which state prisoners were subjected in those days:—"The first of these Protestant ministers sings psalms loudly by night

and by day, to let people know who he is. After advising him to stop this kind of exhibition I punished him severely. I did the same thing to his fellow, Salvès, who has taken it into his head to write upon his linen and on a tin plate some poor nonsense about his being shut up on account of the purity of his faith."

It being, therefore, we think, evident that the "ancient" or "twenty years old" prisoner of Saint-Mars at the islands was the Mask, can we approach more closely this unknown personage? Saint-Mars was governor of Exiles, a little hill-fort on the Piedmontese frontier, from 1681 to 1687; that is, to the time when, as we have seen, he was transferred to Sainte-Marguerite; and M. lung has given us clear proof that he left Exiles, and reached Sainte-Marguerite with a single prisoner in his care only, who was kept concealed in the strictest manner, and was watched with the jealousy shown in the case of the journey of the Mask to the Bastille. On being apprised of his recent appointment Saint Mars wrote thus from Exiles to Louvois in January 1687:—

I owe the most devoted acknowledgments to His Majesty for his new favour, the governorship of the islands. If you require me to go there soon, I hope you will allow me to take the route by Piedmont, and upon my return to say farewell to the Duke of Savoy. I will give such orders for the safe keeping of my prisoner during my absence that I shall be able, Monseigneur, to answer for him; as also that he shall not have any conversation with my lieutenant, who has been strictly forbidden to speak to him. If I take him to the islands, I think the safest mode of conveyance would be in a chair covered with waxed cloth, so that he should have enough air, and yet that no one could see or speak to him on the way, not even the soldiers whom I shall select to accompany the chair.

Louvois replied:—

I beg of you to ascertain, when in the islands, what may be required for the safe custody of your prisoner. As to the mode of conducting him, the King leaves you free to make use of the movable chair you propose, but you will be responsible for him.

Saint-Mars having accordingly gone to Sainte-Marguerite to make provision for the secure keeping of this prisoner, gave orders that an addition should be made to the prisons already in the islands. Writing from thence on March 23, he informed Louvois that he would return to Exiles, and accompany his prisoner to their new destination, taking precautions

for his secret and secure custody:—"I hope to be at Exiles within a week by the Embrun and Besançon route. As soon as I shall have received your commands I will set off at once with my prisoner; and I promise you I will bring him safely, and so that nobody shall see or speak to him."

On April 30 Saint-Mars and his prisoner were finally installed at Sainte-Marguerite, the gaoler thus describing the journey from Exiles:—"I arrived on the 30th of the last month. I was only twelve days on the way, because my prisoner was ill and complained that he had not sufficient air. I assure you, Monseigneur, no one has seen him." Eight months afterwards Saint-Mars gives this account of the prisoner in his new place of captivity:—"My prisoner is, as usual, in delicate health. I have put him in one of the new prisons which I have caused to be built according to your orders."

It is impossible to doubt but that this prisoner from Exiles, the object of so much eager solicitude, must have been "the ancient prisoner of Saint-Mars," the "prisoner of twenty years' standing;" for, as Saint-Mars was not governor of Sainte-Marguerite till 1687, such epithets could not have been applied from 1691 to 1698 to any other person confined in the islands—they would have been misnomers for such recent prisoners. If this obvious conclusion be correct, the prisoner from Exiles must have been the Mask; and the similarity of the precautions taken in the journey from Exiles to the Sainte-Marguerites, and in that from the Sainte-Marguerites to the Bastille, confirms the inference, if it needs confirmation. Assuming, then, as we think is certain, that we have traced the Mask to the fort of Exiles, is it possible to go yet further back, and to get a clearer view of the still shrouded being? M. lung has, in our opinion, proved that the prisoner taken from Exiles to the islands—who, as we have seen, was clearly the Mask—was one of two persons detained at Exiles, and brought to that place by Saint-Mars, when, in October 1681, he was transferred from the citadel of Pignerol—a well-known fortress on the borders of Savoy, of the donjon of which he had the command for a period of nearly sixteen years; that these persons had been imprisoned at Pignerol, and are characterized by a particular appellation; that Saint-Mars had, almost certainly, no other prisoners but these at Exiles; and, finally, that these two persons, one of

whom died in 1686 or 1687, were conducted from Pignerol to Exiles, and guarded at Exiles with the secrecy and care so noticeable in the instances before referred to. These conclusions have, we think, been established by the correspondence we shall now notice. In January 1687 Louvois writes to Saint-Mars, when he tells the gaoler that he is to be sent to Sainte-Marguerite:—"I have received your letter of the 5th of this month, which informs me of the death of one of your prisoners." Two months previously he had written to Saint-Mars:—"I am in receipt of your letter of the 4th of last month. It is a proper thing that confession should be administered to the one of your two prisoners who is becoming dropsical when symptoms of death shall set in."

These two prisoners are evidently referred to in March 1632, in the following letter from Saint-Mars to Louvois. It will be observed with what care they were guarded:—

I have received the communication you have done me the honour to send, and in which you tell me, Monseigneur, that my two prisoners should be, for important reasons, kept apart from any one. Ever since Monseigneur has given me those orders I have guarded these two prisoners as severely and as closely as I formerly guarded MM. Fouquet and Lauzun, who (Lauzun I mean) cannot now boast that he gave or received any news as long as he was shut up. These prisoners cannot hear the voices of the people who pass underneath the tower in which they are, and could not make themselves heard by any one.

In a letter of Louvois, of nearly the same date, the two prisoners are given a characteristic title; and Saint-Mars is directed to watch them strictly, and to isolate them in complete seclusion:—"It is a matter of importance that the prisoners at Exiles, who at Pignerol were called the prisoners of the Lower Tower, should have no communication with any one. The King has given me orders to tell you to keep them so closely guarded and to take such precautions, that you shall answer to His Majesty that they shall not have the means of speaking to any one, whether outside the fort or belonging to the garrison of Exiles."

On June 9, 1681, the two prisoners, whose identity with the prisoners of the Lower Tower is evident, were in the donjon of Pignerol; and Louvois gave these orders to Saint-Mars to take them to Exiles with the stealthy care to which we have before adverted:—

The intention of His Majesty is that, as soon as the chamber in the fort of Exiles, which you shall have selected for the purpose, shall be ready for the reception of the two prisoners of the Lower Tower, you shall cause them to leave the citadel of Pignerol in a litter, and under the escort of your company, which is to conduct them by the route indicated in the within orders. As soon as these prisoners shall be gone, the desire of His Majesty is that you take possession of the government of Exiles, and make the place your residence for the future. You will carry out the instructions of the King as to the subsistence of these two prisoners, and you will guard them as strictly as you have done hitherto.

The following despatch of May 12 shows that the two prisoners of the Lower Tower were the only two sent from Pignerol to Exiles:—

I have directed M. Duchanneau to survey, in company with yourself, the two buildings at Exiles, and to make an estimate of the repairs absolutely required for the proper custody of the two prisoners of the Lower Tower. These, I think, are the only ones whom His Majesty will have transferred to Exiles.

Finally Saint-Mars refers to the two prisoners in a letter of June 25 addressed to D'Estrades—the ambassador to Venice, and a principal agent in the intrigues of the King—which distinguishes them by these curious words:—"I shall have under my care two birds (*merles*) whom I had at Pignerol, and who are known by no other name than that of those of the 'Lower Tower.'"

It seems to us, therefore, that the prisoner taken from Exiles to the islands was one of the "two prisoners of the Lower Tower," of the two "birds" described by Saint-Mars, who were sent from Pignerol to Exiles, and consequently that the mysterious Mask must have been one of these unhappy persons. M. Loiseau, indeed, an acute French critic, has made some objections to this conclusion, but the chain of proof is, we think, strong, and has certainly satisfied our scrutiny. Thus, owing to the research of M. Iung, we have obtained a clue to one of the most interesting puzzles of history; and it will be observed that the statement in Dujunca's journal that the Mask was "an ancient prisoner of Pignerol" falls in with the evidence we have cited. Moreover, though, as we shall endeavour to show, M. Iung has not fully solved the problem, his labours as regards this part of the subject have limited greatly the sphere of investigation; and they are extremely valuable in another way, as

strengthening the evidence against theories as to the identity of the Mask which have been prevalent, and must now, we think, be completely abandoned. With the aid of his book and that of M. Topin, we shall notice these theories very briefly, before proceeding further in our inquiry.

The persons who have been supposed to be the Mask at different times by various writers, may be divided into two classes — persons whose existence cannot be proved, and persons who had a real existence, but have been more or less conclusively shown not to have been the mysterious prisoner. The first class is comprised of an imaginary son of Anne of Austria by Buckingham, born in 1626; an imaginary son of the same queen by an unknown father, born in 1631, and confided by his mother to the care of Richelieu; and of an imaginary twin brother of Louis XIV., born a few hours after the birth of the King, and buried alive, so to speak, by the two great Cardinals in order to avoid a disputed succession. There is, however, no evidence at all that any one of these beings existed; and it may be affirmed with moral certainty that they are the mere creations of fancy and gossip. In fact these stories completely break down when subjected to anything like criticism. The alleged intrigue between the Queen and Buckingham is a calumny of the prurient De Retz, refuted by several contemporary witnesses; nor is it credible, if Anne of Austria became the mother of an illegitimate child, that, as the tale runs, she would have made Richelieu, her bitterest and most avowed enemy, the depository of the fatal secret. Still more impossible is it to believe that Louis XIV. had a twin brother, and that the infant was spirited away, if we recollect that the notables of France were present during the labour of the Queen, according to a well-known custom, and must have witnessed all that took place, and that no trace of this myth is found until after the middle of the eighteenth century. We may therefore quickly dismiss these supposed personages as mere visions of the brain, and we may add, should a lingering faith in their possible existence still continue, it is sufficiently plain not one of them could have been the subject of our inquiry. Not to dwell on the facts that these fabulous scions of royalty must have been imprisoned many years before 1665, the date when Saint-Mars was first made a gaoler, and

that the Mask is always found in connection with that singular personage, it is evident, as M. Topin shows, that the following letter from Barbézieux to Saint-Mars, referring indisputably to the Mask, could not have referred to a brother of Louis XIV., or to an illegitimate son of Anne of Austria detained merely for reasons of State: — “You have no other rules of conduct to follow with respect to all those who are confided to your keeping beyond continuing to look to their security, without explaining yourself to any one whatever about what your ancient prisoner *has done*.”

As M. Lung, too, judiciously points out, the recorded sayings of the Royal Family of France, some of whom are thought to have received the secret as a kind of heritage from Louis XIV., though there is no evidence at all of this, are utterly inconsistent with the notion that the Mask could claim relationship with them. Senac de Meilhan, an *émigré* who wrote memoirs towards the close of the last century, said: —

The Dauphin, the father of Louis XVI., spoke to me one day about Voltaire, and of his taste for the marvellous, which was a blot on his history. The Iron Mask, he said, has been the subject of many conjectures. I replied that this was sufficient to excite the fancies of people. “I have thought so too,” said the Dauphin, “but the King told me two or three times that if you knew who the prisoner was you would see that the affair was one of very little interest.” The Duke of Choiseul also told me that the King had spoken of the matter in the same way, and as if it were a thing of no importance.

According to M. Dufay de l'Yonne, a writer of somewhat a later date, Louis XV. said to M. Delaborde: —

Let them go on with their disputes, they will never find out who was the Iron Mask. You would like to know something about this business; I may tell you what is more than others know, that the imprisonment of this unhappy being did no wrong to any one but himself.

As for the real personages named as the Mask we shall pass over them very lightly, for, with one exception, their pretensions have been almost abandoned by modern writers. The readers of Macaulay will hear with wonder that a guess was made in the eighteenth century that the prisoner was the hapless Duke of Monmouth, the hero of the rising crushed at Sedgemoor; but we need not say that the touching scene of the execution of the victim on Tower Hill is drawn by the his-



torian from documents of the time. The Count of Vermandois, one of the illegitimate sons of Louis XIV. by Mademoiselle de La Vallière, is also said to have been the Mask; but there is ample proof of his death at Courtrai on November 18, 1683, in the presence of D'Humières and Boufflers, and of his burial in state at Arras, where his name is to this day preserved in the appellation of an estate given by the King as a fund for masses for the repose of his soul, which were offered up until 1789. The claim of the Duke of Beaufort, the "*roi des halles*," and one of the most prominent figures of the Fronde, rests chiefly on gossip from Sainte-Marguerite communicated by Saint-Mars to Louvois; but the disappearance of the Duke in 1669, in a bloody struggle at the siege of Candia, is recorded in an official report of that year, not to dwell on the facts that no reason for his incarceration can be alleged, and that his age renders it almost impossible that he could have been the object of our search. The same idle talk is the only source of a tradition that the Mask was a son of Cromwell; but though some mystery perhaps attaches to the circumstance of the death of Henry Cromwell, this conjecture is so farfetched and baseless that it is not entitled to serious attention. As for Avedick, the Armenian patriarch, whose treacherous arrest and secret removal in June 1706, by de Ferriol, ambassador of France at the Porte, was one of the worst acts of Louis XIV., his title to be thought the unnamed captive is contradicted by Dujunca's journal, which fixes the death of the Mask in 1703; and, besides, Avedick was imprisoned in the monastery of Saint-Michael on the coast of Normandy, and the register of the church where he was interred showed that he survived until 1711. Fouquet, too, the celebrated *surintendant*, and perhaps the rival of Louis XIV. in the favours of more than one light love, has been suggested to be the Mask; and as rumour said that when the Bastille was plundered a card was found which attested the fact, and as Fouquet certainly was an inmate of Pignerol for several years, the evidence, in this instance, may seem less worthless than that which we have already noticed. But, as M. Jung has truly remarked, there is no proof such a card existed; and as no trace of the precious relic or even of its finder has ever been seen, the story is, doubtless, a mere invention. Besides, it is sufficiently certain that Fouquet died in March 1680, that is

twenty-three years before the Mask; his death was witnessed by his wife and son, his brothers, and several of his household; it was formally attested by Saint-Mars, and is noticed in a letter of Madame de Sévigné, written a few days only after the date of the event; and the register of his burial dated in 1681 seems to be a document above suspicion. On the whole Fouquet may be dismissed as readily as any of the other candidates.

One personage, however, still remains, whose claim to have been the mysterious Mask is ably upheld by M. Topin, and has been considered at least probable by several writers of this generation. Lord Dover, in his well-known essay on this subject, published in 1826, followed in the track of M. Delort, and treated the question as if it had been absolutely and irrefragably solved in favour of Mattioli, by the despatches found by M. Delort in the French Foreign Office. But Delort never examined the much more copious archives of the War Department, and it must now be held equally certain that the identity of Mattioli with the Iron Mask is totally disproved. Ercolo Mattioli, a Mantuan of rank, and a secret agent of the fourth Duke, was suddenly arrested by the order of Louvois and shut up in Pignerol in 1679. His crime was that he had divulged one of the intrigues by which Louis XIV. endeavoured to obtain possession of Casale by fraud, and that he betrayed the confidence the French Court had placed in him; and the evidence shows that he had incurred the wrath of the vindictive King, and that Saint-Mars, into whose hands he came, was directed to guard him with peculiar care, and to keep him secluded in strict bondage. After 1679 he disappeared from the world, and we can only trace his obscured figure in the correspondence between Louvois and Saint-Mars, for it appears certain that he was never set at liberty, and his name is blank on the list of his family. The letters, however, of Louvois and Saint-Mars prove that he was many years an inmate of Pignerol, and that on several occasions he was lodged in the celebrated Lower Tower of the fortress—the habitation at one time of the Mask and his fellow; and M. Topin and others have, we think, shown with sufficient clearness that he was taken to Sainte-Marguerite, and placed in the rigid custody of Saint-Mars, when Pignerol was evacuated in 1694. It is probable, moreover, that, with the exception of Fouquet and the



celebrated Lauzun, each of whom was his fellow captive for some years, Mattioli was the most notable person among the prisoners at Pignerol; and after the death of Fouquet in 1680, and the liberation of Lauzun some months afterwards, no inmate of the fortress save Mattioli appears to have been a man of any distinction. From these facts M. Topin and his school have argued that Mattioli was the Mask, and until the appearance of M. Iung's work their theory certainly seemed plausible. Mattioli was a prisoner at Pignerol as far back as 1679; and the "ancient prisoner of Pignerol" is the name given the Mask in Dujunca's journal in 1693, nineteen years afterwards. Mattioli unquestionably is to be found in the Lower Tower at Pignerol; and we trace to this spot the two persons one of whom, we have seen, was the man we seek. Mattioli, too, may be made to correspond to the "ancient prisoner" referred to by Louvois in writing to Saint-Mars at Sainte-Marguerite from 1691 to 1698, for he had been in ward of the gaoler at Pignerol ever since 1679. Besides, Mattioli and the Mask were watched with very much the same precautions; and as Mattioli probably was the most important prisoner known to have been at Pignerol from 1679 onwards except two whom we need not regard, for neither of them could have been the Mask, may we not, it is urged, conclude that this Italian noble was the victim about whose mysterious fate such legends gathered in the eighteenth century? Bearing in mind how weak are the claims of others, and what gaps in the evidence must exist, is not, it is said, this inference on the whole reasonable?

The theory, however, that Mattioli was the Mask is fully refuted by the evidence which M. Iung has arrayed against it. In the first place, the reader will have observed that, in the correspondence between Louvois and Saint-Mars, a name is never given to the Mask; he is at most indicated by obscure epithets; but the minister and gaoler write of Mattioli without the faintest attempt at concealment. Thus in May 1679, Louvois tells Saint-Mars to show no leniency to a prisoner described as M. Lestang, but identified afterwards as Mattioli:—"His Majesty's desires are that Lestang is not to be well treated, and, except what may be necessities of life, you are to give him nothing that can alleviate his imprisonment."

Saint-Mars refers to Mattioli in 1680

by name:—"Since Mattioli has been put in the Lower Tower with the Jacobin, I have directed Blainvilliers to threaten him with the stick." And again:—"Since Monseigneur has allowed me to put Mattioli in the Lower Tower with the Jacobin, the said Mattioli often complains, etc." It was, in truth, a matter of common report that Mattioli was imprisoned at Pignerol; the fact is thus noticed in one of the gazettes of the day; and though the particulars are not correctly given, these few lines are almost enough to show that he could not have been the nameless prisoner, the object of so much research and mystery:—"Mattioli was not detained long at Pignerol. The place was too near Italy, and though he was carefully guarded, it was feared that the walls might speak. He was, therefore, transferred to the islands of Sainte-Marguerite, where he now is in the keeping of M. de Saint-Mars." This open reference to Mattioli by name, already separates him from the Mask, the "unknown prisoner" of Dujunca's journal. The distinction, however, has been now established by evidence, in our opinion, conclusive. It has always been a difficulty in the case of Mattioli, that while he is so clearly visible at Pignerol, it is not possible to discover him at Exiles; and hence some writers who call him the Mask have assumed that he was one of the inmates of "the Lower Tower," one of the two "birds" removed to Exiles as we have seen, by the obedient gaoler. Saint-Mars, however, expressly says in the despatch to D'Estades already quoted:—"Mattioli will remain here at Pignerol with the other prisoners."

These words following those which allude to the departure of the two prisoners in question, indisputably prove that the Italian agent could not have been either of these persons. It is clear, moreover, from the following despatch of Barbézieux to Laprade, one of the successors of Saint-Mars at Pignerol, written in 1693, that Mattioli was at that time in that fortress; and we cannot doubt that he had remained imprisoned there, as no evidence of his removal exists:—"If any of the prisoners who are ill of the fever shall happen to die, you will bury them in the same way as soldiers are buried; but I do not think they are likely to die. You will be sure to burn the scraps of cloth upon which Mattioli and his servant have written what you tell me."

If, therefore, Mattioli was not one of the two "prisoners of the Lower Tower," of the two "birds" taken to Exiles, he certainly could not have been the Mask, for the evidence is, we think, convincing that the Mask was one of these persons. The only way to avoid this inference is to assert that neither of the prisoners was the Mask, and this M. Topin has endeavored to show; but M. Iung has put him out of court. The fact, therefore, that Mattioli was not one of the two half-defined yet still nameless persons, in one of whom only we can recognize the Mask, disposes absolutely of his pretensions; and, indeed, apart from this decisive proof, other cogent arguments may be urged against them. It is not easy, under any conditions, to make Mattioli, imprisoned in 1679, answer the description in 1691 of "Saint-Mars's prisoner of twenty years' standing," then applied by Barbézieux to the Mask; but how can he fulfil that character, if he was separated from Saint-Mars as early as 1681, when that personage went to Exiles, and if he was at Pignerol during the next twelve years entirely out of that gaoler's custody? Besides, Mattioli, as M. Topin insists, and as there is every reason to suppose, was one of the three prisoners removed from Pignerol, and sent to the islands for the first time in 1694 only; and, if so, could he have been the Mask, who was evidently at the islands long before that time, and from 1691 to 1698 is characterized by Saint-Mars as his "ancient prisoner"? In short, if it is borne in mind, that Mattioli was only in the hands of Saint-Mars from 1679 to 1681, and thence from 1694 onwards, and that, during all the intermediate time, he was not in the hands of Saint-Mars at all, how is it possible to apply to him the epithets continually applied to the Mask, and which can only mean, that, during this very period, he had been the prisoner of Saint-Mars for a long series of years?

In addition to considerations so important as these, M. Iung has made it appear at least very probable that Mattioli died at Sainte-Marguerite in April or May 1694, very soon after his transfer from Pignerol, and for this, therefore, if for no other reason, could not have been the mysterious prisoner. For Mattioli seems to have always had the luxury of an attendant at Pignerol; this was the case at least long before his removal; and as M. Iung has plausibly argued, that of the three prisoners taken from Pignerol to the islands in 1694, Mattioli

alone possessed this privilege, the following letter from Barbézieux to Saint-Mars, dated on the 10th of May of that year, is certainly not without significance:—"You can, as you propose, put in the vaulted prison the attendant of the prisoner who has died, taking care to guard him as closely as the others."

M. Iung thus sums up this part of his case:—

Mattioli alone has a servant, but a servant of a peculiar kind, who has been involved in the fate of his master from his having been cognisant of the affair of Casale. He remained at Pignerol, for we find traces of him in 1684 and in 1693; he is always with Mattioli and shares his prison, and it is to him only the despatch of Barbézieux can refer. We may, therefore, form a reasonably certain conclusion that Mattioli died at the time I have mentioned.

M. Iung also distinguishes the Mask from Mattioli by the additional argument that the precautions for the transfer of the prisoners in 1694 were not nearly as strict as those observed in the instances where the Mask was in question. We quote from the despatch on the subject, but we lay no stress on this kind of inference, and M. Iung, as we shall endeavour to show, has strained this reasoning beyond what it can bear:—

His Majesty has ordered me to write to you (Laprade, the governor of the donjon of Pignerol) to inform you that you have been chosen to conduct these prisoners one after the other, that is to say, when you shall have taken one to the islands you will return and take another. . . . You know how important it is that none of these persons shall speak or write to any one on the way; the King desires you to attend carefully to this, and that they shall receive their meals from your hands only, as has previously been the custom.

For these various reasons we reject the claim of Mattioli to have been the Mask, as decidedly as that of the other candidates. The evidence against it seems to us conclusive, and a theory which has found much support must henceforth, we think, be given up. Thanks to M. Iung we have traced the Mask to one of the two "prisoners of the Lower Tower," of the "two birds" taken by Saint-Mars to Exiles; and as Mattioli was neither of these, he is not the object of our inquiry. And here we may notice an objection against what we believe is the only correct inference now reasonably to be made on the subject, though when confronted by positive proof such objections are hardly of any value. It

has been said that the trivial expression "merle" could not have referred to so important a prisoner as the Mask; and it has been argued that, for this reason, we ought not to look for the Mask in either of the two persons marked by this epithet. M. Iung, however, has clearly shown that, taking its meaning in the seventeenth century, the term was strictly applicable to a prisoner kept in solitude or watched with jealous care; and he makes a whimsical attempt to trace the etymology of the term to the solitary habits of the "*merula quod mera, id est sola volitat*," according to Varro. But this is nonsense. The French word "merle" means a blackbird; but it has long been, and still is, used in the slang of the French police to signify a captive. A "fin merle" is a sharp fellow. But the secondary use of the word is probably derived from the well-known practice, still common in France and elsewhere, of keeping a tame blackbird confined in a wicker cage.

We repeat, therefore, that in our judgment M. Iung has found a local habitation if not a name for the famous Mask, who, for the future, will be identified with either of the prisoners so often referred to. M. Iung, however, has endeavoured to follow the track of his quarry at Pignerol, and to ascertain finally who the Mask was; and here, we think, the ingenious inquirer has, at least for the present, failed in his object. Before, however, we examine the case he makes, we wish very briefly to direct attention to the terrible but impressive picture of the administration of criminal justice in France which his work discloses, for this is one of its most striking features. At this period, when the civilization of the capital and court of the Great King was the admiration and envy of the world, and when the lustre of Marli and Versailles threw its radiance over the whole State, it is frightful to contemplate the cruel despotism which prevailed in every part of the government, and especially in the internal management of the kingdom. The will of Louis and of his ministers was supreme, and ruthless deeds of highhanded violence, and atrocious instances of lawless oppression, were of such common occurrence that to the great majority of Frenchmen they seemed the simplest matters of course, the incidents, as it were, of the monarchy. Nor were the subjects of the King alone exposed to these excesses of power; whoever crossed his schemes, or incurred

his anger, became liable to his vengeance if within his reach; and in several cases foreigners of distinction, and even representatives of sovereign States, were treated with a barbarous harshness not easy to comprehend in our age. Thus Louvois, in a letter cited by M. Iung, coolly gave orders for the assassination of a confidential agent of the Emperor of Germany:—"M. Lisola, it seems, will soon leave Liège to return to Cologne. It would be a great thing to catch him, and no harm to kill him, for he is very impertinent in his language, and he exerts himself assiduously to injure the interests of France. You will confer a real benefit on his Majesty if you can carry out this plan."

Under this scheme of unchecked oppression solitary arrests formed part of the system of government. At the stroke of a pen, and without reason assigned, persons were suddenly torn from their families and homes, and shut up perhaps for the rest of their lives; and while England had her Habeas Corpus confirmed even by the later Stuarts, hundreds of State prisons arose in France in which crowds of unhappy victims pined without redress, or even a hope of justice. These dungeons, of which the Bastille was only the most conspicuous and celebrated type, were fitting scenes of such deeds of darkness as the tale of the Mask no doubt discloses; and with their secret police and spies, and with gaolers of whom the vigilant and pitiless Saint-Mars was a striking specimen, they prefigured the dens in which Jacobin frenzy thrust many of the noblest and fairest of France in the agony of 1792-3. In those frightful crypts of tyranny, too, significantly known by the old name of *oubliettes*, many captives, as perhaps was the case with the Mask, were kept immured long after their names, and even the charges against them, had been forgotten:—

One other detail must be added, which indicates the terrible situation of these prisoners during this evil time in our history. When a prisoner happened to die after years of suffering in those distant places, Pignerol, Villefranche, Mont Saint Michel, &c., the Minister who caused him to be arrested, and was informed of his death, often no longer recollected his name, or the reason why he had been sent to perish in those dungeons. And bear in mind that a line, a song, a couplet with too much point in it, a tale wrongly interpreted or unfairly related, nay, the whim of a royal mistress, sufficed to make men disappear from the stage of life perhaps for ever!

In fact, as has been often remarked, the *loi des suspects* was by no means a new creation of the Revolution!

From documents in M. Iung's volume we obtain a full and interesting account of the general management of these dungeons, and of the life of the ill-fated occupants. Many of the prisoners were directly under the control of the most trusted Minister of the King; and it is for this reason that the correspondence of Louvois throws so much light on the subject. In some instances, however, the governors of the provinces had a nominal superintendence; and occasionally we see a curious partition of powers even within the same prison, the local authority being charged with the regulation of the less important prisoners, the central retaining the direction of those known distinctively as prisoners of State. The King was for the most part privy to the violent arrests that were made in his name, and to the wrongs repeatedly done to the captives; and the crime committed in a later age against one of his own blood, at Vincennes, was not improbably an imitation only of similar atrocities sanctioned by himself. As a rule the prisoners were most strictly watched; they were shut out from the external world by severe and often cruel expedients; and we do not agree with M. Iung that the precautions taken in the instance of the Mask were extraordinary or without a parallel. The distinctions of rank and station, however, characteristic of feudal France, were observed at Pignerol and the Bastille as precisely as at Saint Germain or Versailles; and though noble personages were as closely guarded as Huguenots and others of the baser sort, they were privileged beings even in bondage. This volume shows that the plebeian Saint-Mars was full of deference to Fouquet and Lauzun; and he gilded the cage of birds of this feather, though he took care not to open the bars. Louvois, indeed, prescribed the manner in which men of this quality were to be treated:—"His Majesty desires that Monsieur Fouquet and Monsieur de Lauzun may see each other freely and as often as they please. They may spend the day and have their meals together; and his Majesty has no objection to Monsieur de Saint-Mars playing and conversing with them. They may dine, too, with Madame de Saint-Mars, if they choose."

In fact, though his was an exceptional case, Lauzun was allowed to do much as he pleased, when his captivity was near

its close:—"He had all that he wanted, and might dream at his ease on past greatness and on greatness to come. His rooms were agreeable; his table was well served; he had two servants; he possessed the means of making love both inside and outside his prison, for mistresses flung gold about in heaps to get access to him; and he was even allowed to bully and torment Saint-Mars."

The lot of meaner prisoners was very different. We have already noticed the kind of discipline administered to the pastors at Sainte-Marguerite, and even to Mattioli, a man of birth; and stripes, chains, and different modes of torture were, no doubt, the portion of hapless persons exposed to the caprice of irresponsible gaolers, and not protected by their rank or connections. Thus Louvois wrote to Saint-Mars, whose superstitious fears had been aroused at the idea of chastising a priest:—"What you say requires explanation. Those who strike priests without regard to their character deserve excommunication; but it is quite lawful to scourge a priest who behaves ill when in your custody." And Louvois wrote again to Saint-Mars thus:—"As the treatment you have used in the case of the prisoner with Dubreuil has tamed him, take care to renew it from time to time."

Far worse, however, than the rack or the lash were the privations suffered by this class of prisoners in these fearful and unseen abodes. The governors of the prisons gave no account of the sums they received for the support of the captives, and accordingly they regularly appropriated these funds, and kept their poorer and more obscure victims in a state of horrible want and misery. Immense fortunes were amassed in this way; and Saint-Mars, whose impassive and silent figure, remorseless, observant, and blindly obedient, may be taken as a pattern of his kind, died a millionaire through this foul traffic. The following from an eyewitness records the condition of the inferior prisoners at the Bastille, and the infamous profits made by the governor:—

I am convinced that Berneville has made two millions of francs by these unhappy victims since he succeeded Saint-Mars some years ago. . . . We saw about a hundred in that accursed place of torment. Some prisoners are rated for their charges at a hundred sous a day, and some at ten, fifteen, twenty, or twenty-five francs. Of this last class are such prisoners as the Prince de la Riccia, and MM. the Duc D'Estrées, the Duc de Fronsac, the Comte

d'Harcourt, M. de Leconville, and others; but the average cost of all the prisoners was not more than twenty sous a day each to the governor; and if some were well treated, all the rest were cruelly dealt with, and would have fared better at five sous. The prisoners in the dungeons cost the governor only a sou a day each; he always took good care that these abominable places should be full, and called them his "clear profits."

We come now to the theory of M. Jung with regard to the identity of the Mask, and, as we have said, our verdict must be "not proven." His researches, however, have not been fruitless; and if he has failed, we think, in his immediate purpose, he has suggested new and interesting questions as to the secret history of France in that age, to which we shall briefly direct attention.

Our readers know that, even at its height, the power of Louis XIV. was continually beset by foreign intrigue and domestic faction, and that underneath a surface of splendour society in his time was fearfully corrupt, and stained with great and abominable crimes. The potentate, whose object was to be supreme in Europe, was hated and feared in all neighbouring states, and the unscrupulous acts he often committed were occasionally practised against himself. Though the force or craft of the great Cardinals, too, had made him almost absolute at home, and he was blindly obeyed by the mass of his subjects, the deep divisions which had sundered France for a century may be traced in this age, and a portion at least of the old feudal *noblesse*, and perhaps of the down-trodden Huguenots, remained disaffected to the all-engrossing monarchy. The opposition, however, of elements like these was long too weak to be deeply felt; and it ended only in obscure risings, and in conspiracies either real or fictitious, events to which we may possibly ascribe the King's distrust of the ancient *seigneurie*, and the reversal of the policy of toleration, the glory of Sully and of Henry IV. This period, moreover, was fruitful of deeds of darkness which, though partly concealed, showed murder stalking in high places, and threatening the most exalted in the land with terrible yet invisible peril. The celebrated trial of La Brinvilliers shot a ray into the fearful depths of depravity that surrounded the Court, and made men aware that the poisoner's art was no secret in noble circles. The preliminary inquiry, indeed, had involved so many personages of rank and position, that

Louis, in order to avert scandal, withdrew the cause from the Parliament of Paris and relegated it to a special tribunal entirely under the control of the Government. Not to mention many additional names, De Cessac, Luxemburg, and Madame de Montespan were implicated in the charge of poisoning; La Brinvilliers, when put to the question, said that she could accuse the highest in France; and evidence was discovered, it is generally supposed, of a conspiracy to get rid of the King in which more than one noble family took part. The affair, however, was purposely hushed up, Louis and his Ministers being unwilling to give mortal offence to many powerful families, and, with a partiality common in that age, the instruments of crime were alone condemned, while impunity was accorded to the most deeply guilty. M. Jung remarks:—

Officers, priests, harlots, great lords, and fine ladies were the agents and accomplices of these infamous deeds. If these trials, as an historian has observed with justice, had been decided by the Parliament, the Ministers of Louis XIV. would not have been able to manage them according to their supposed interests and that of their master, who wished to save noble guilt. The lords and great ladies who had employed the criminals were pronounced innocent. The Ministers doubtless thought that it was sufficient to remove from the world the actual fabricators of the poison. This compromise was attended with the worst consequences. Means of destruction have never been wanting to those who have resolved to employ them, and the shameful partiality of the Commissioners of the Arsenal left society without security against fresh enormities. The proof is, that if for the moment they stopped the evil, and the person of the King was not reached, it was otherwise with several personages who stood near him, and who perished in an extraordinary manner.

The period, too, of these famous trials coincides partly with many mysterious events which have not perhaps been enough noticed. It is common, especially in an ignorant age, to ascribe the sudden deaths of the great to poison, and historians and critics ought not lightly to credit idle reports of this nature. But there is reason to believe that several persons of eminence were destroyed by these means at different times during the reign of Louis; and in many instances the presence of this deadly agency may at least be suspected. A whole band of poisoners was discovered at Turin, who confessed to crimes of the most frightful kind; and proof exists that attempts were made to



poison the Duke of Savoy and the Queen of Poland. The sudden deaths of the Duchess of Orleans—the subject of the noble sermon of Bossuet—of the crafty and far-sighted Lionne, and of the Comte de Soissons, who perhaps had a Clytemnestra in Olympia Mancini, gave rise to dark and horrible rumours, and Louis himself was more than once warned that death lurked in the banquets of the Palace. Nor, as M. Iung significantly says, can we forget the rapid and premature ends of so many of the nearest and dearest of the King:—

Mademoiselle de Fontanges died in 1681; and in 1689 Maria Louisa, daughter of Madame Henriette, who had married the King of Spain. The plot was discovered in Paris, and a counter-poison was sent to Madrid, but the courier arrived too late. The Queen of Spain, says Dangeau, who repeats the exact expressions of Louis XIV. at a supper at Court, died of poison put in an eel-pie. The Countess of Perniet, and the firewomen Zapata and Nina, tasted the dish and died of the same poison. In later years Louis XIV. saw the most cherished members of his family perish suddenly and strangely. As for the prince who was to become Louis XV., he was only preserved, it is said, by an antidote given him by his governess. In this succession of infamous deeds, crime and shame are to be seen everywhere; a dark mystery of woe underlies the brilliant reign of Louis XIV., and a kind of correlation may be traced of all these horrors.

What is the exact truth about these alleged crimes, and to what extent they may be connected with combinations of foreign enemies, or the conspiracies of discontented subjects, in an age of statecraft and little scruple, must be left to historians to determine. M. Iung, however, has very clearly shown that Louis was the object of several plots during the first and most splendid part of his reign, and he has made it at least extremely probable that these were associated in different ways with the great poisoning trials of the *Chambre Ardente*, in which La Brinvilliers and her accomplices figured. We quote his words:—

Turning to the years 1669, 1670, 1671, 1672, the names of the criminals are everywhere the same. But it cannot be by chance that we so continually meet these persons in this life of guilt and disorder. These poisonings of sovereigns and of ministers, these repeated risings of provinces, these perpetual plots, the instigators of which had so many strange points of contact, assuredly have a centre. They are the work of a group of individuals, with an organization at home and abroad. They obey a word of command. It is against this band

that Louvois, and his father, Chancellor Le Tellier, struggle without pity from 1672 to 1681. Nay, is it on account of the frequent relations between these poisoners and the Huguenots that Louis XIV., Louvois, and Le Tellier put in force such terrible measures against the Protestant reformers, and promulgated the fatal revocation of the Edict of Nantes? Did they obey the Jesuits in this matter? Did they act under the threat of Jesuit vengeance? M. Hattin, the learned compiler of the gazettes of Holland and of the secret press of that time, says that the gazette of the 31st December, 1683, appeared with the initial letters of its title or name printed in red. This surprised the public, and gave rise to all kinds of surmises. It was a sign agreed upon between Le Tellier and a person who revealed a Jesuit plot against the life of Louis XIV.

It is amidst this maze of intrigues and crimes, M. Iung insists, that we should seek the Mask, taking as an index the date suggested by the expressions of Barbézieux to Saint-Mars, "your ancient," your "twenty years old" prisoner, found in letters from 1691–98. Now, clear proof exists that in the autumn of 1672, and in the early spring of the following year, a plot was hatched against the life of Louis, and its ramifications probably spread along the German, Spanish, and Belgian, frontiers. On March 8, 1673, Michieli, the ambassador of the Republic of Venice, wrote to the Doge:—"The Court has gone to Versailles; it will stay there until the 25th of next month. Strict orders have been issued to observe all persons who enter the palace of his Majesty. It is said this has been done by the advice of the King of England, who, in his zealous regard for the safety of his Majesty, is apprehensive lest some sacrilegious person, exasperated perhaps by the ills suffered by his country or his faith, should have formed a tragical project." In the same month an agent of Louvois reported:—"The gentleman requests above all things that it shall not be known that it was the Baron of Aspres, chief of the estates of Zealand, who gave information about the plot."

Conspiracies against Louis XIV. were certainly not uncommon at this time. Two or three years previously our ambassador, Holles, had written to a friend in England that "a man come from Lyons had accused another Lyonnese of an intention to murder the King. . . . A great stir is being made about a plot against the person of the King. A strict search has been made in this city, and



last Tuesday, when I was at Charenton, at prayers, two exempts and a lieutenant stood at the door of the church, and examined attentively those who went in." It deserves notice, too, that about this date many of the persons whose names appear afterwards, in the trial of La Brinvilliers and other proceedings, seem to have been already involved in crime:—"The principal actors in the conspiracies referred to, prisoners, forgers, &c., can be traced, and were scattered about in or near France in 1670."

The plot of 1672-3 aroused the energy of the youthful Louvois, then just appointed Secretary of State, through the interest of his father, the famous Le Tellier. At this juncture Le Tellier and Louvois were under a kind of proscription at court. The old nobles had coalesced to put down these representatives of a bureaucratic *noblesse*, and the chiefs of the great Houses of Condé and Turenne had resolved to put down the insolent upstart. Louvois, however, with the aid of his father, addressed himself to unravel the plot; and the machinery of a vigilant secret service was set in motion to arrest the criminals. As the seat of the conspiracy seemed to be Belgium, a regular agency of spies was established in the principal towns on the northern frontier, and the passages of the Somme were regularly guarded, especially around the fortress of Peronne on the great road from the Low Countries to Paris. These precautions were not without results; and it is clear from the reports of the officials of Louvois that a design had been formed against the life of the King, and that its authors were men of a certain rank who had relations with Amsterdam and Brussels, and not improbably with Madrid, and had ample funds at their disposition. Lespine Beauregard, the commandant at Peronne, wrote to Louvois, in March 1673:—

Since the arrest of the gentleman of Silesia, no person has passed here who can be suspected of the execrable plot against His Majesty, if I may judge from the descriptions and portraits you have indicated to me. I feel sure I shall catch the head of this foul business if he comes by this town. . . . According to your orders, I have placed nine confidential persons since yesterday to watch the nine fords of the Somme by which the river might be crossed on horseback. These will keep such a strict watch by day and night that if the villains we expect shall present themselves they will assuredly be captured, as well as those who may have letters or papers addressed to personages of distinction. I beg

of you to tell me to what country the chief of the conspiracy belongs.

The principal information, however, came from a Father Hyacinth, an agent of Louvois at Arras, who had intelligence from Belgium. From the reports of a spy of this vigilant priest, the supposed leader of the murderous band was a soldier of fortune, known by the names of the Chevalier de Kiffenbach, or the Chevalier d'Harmois, and a Lorrainer of not ignoble descent. This man had been in Paris some months previously, perhaps in order to mature his projects:—

The said deponent, having conferred with the Sieur de Lorette touching the picture of the chief, explaining to him who this miscreant was, remembered that in December last, when in the company of a gentleman in Paris, at the Faubourg Saint Germain, who was about to pay a visit to M. Coulon, the academician, they saw a man dressed in a jerkin of thick stuff with silver buttons, standing before the shop of a saddler. This man looked at the gentleman, and approached to salute him. The gentleman did not return the salute, and Sieur Lorette having asked why, received for answer, that the man in question was a Lorrainer, that he had been a captain of cavalry in the Lorraine troops, that he had been seen at Brussels and in the army, and that he was a good-for-nothing spendthrift who led a bad life.

On March 22 Father Hyacinth reported to Louvois that this chief was at Brussels with three men of a band—ten in all in number. He added the following curious particulars:—

The person I have sent to Brussels to watch the leader of the band who seeks to attempt the King's life wrote to me on the 19th that he had discovered the man and taken up his abode with him. He describes him exactly as I have done in my last letter. He says that this chief has three men with him, who serve him very well, and who are all differently dressed and not in any livery. He has not yet been able to ascertain to what country they belong, for they speak different tongues. The chief gives out he is about to raise a regiment of cavalry, but first to make a tour in Lorraine. My informant adds that the chief is free with his money, and that persons of condition often come to see him. Most of these persons, being strangers, are unknown to my informant; but one of them is a deputy from Holland, who on the 18th was four hours alone in conversation with the chief in his room. Little that they said could be heard, but the words King and Paris passed.

By the 25th, or 27th at latest, the conspirators had taken their departure from Brussels.

The messenger I sent to Brussels informs me that the leader of the band went away on the 27th, and that his three attendants were off on the 25th. The chief went off very secretly, and did not say where he was going, though he had sometimes said before that he was about raising a cavalry regiment. The day before his departure he had a long conversation with a deputy from Holland.

Between the 29th and 31st of March an important prisoner was arrested at Peronne, and gave his name as Louis D'Oldendorf, when interrogated by the commandant Beauregard. M. Iung shows that, very probably at least, this person was the leader of the band known as the Chevalier de Kiffenbach or D'Harmois. The prisoner was, it seems, sent from Peronne immediately in the charge of M. Legrain, prévôt-general of the connétablerie of France, and was in the Bastille by the second week of April. On the 8th of that month we find Louvois directing Father Hyacinth to send to Paris the spy recently employed at Brussels, in order to identify the newly captured prisoner:—"I desire you to send here the servant of the gentleman who is acquainted with the unlucky chief, to see if the prisoner who has been arrested at Peronne is he. Send him off at once for it is an important matter, and by post if he is with you." A day or two before the priest had written to Louvois:—"I hope with all my heart that the man who has been arrested is the execrable chief of the conspiracy, for in that case the sacred person of the King will be safe." Beauregard, too, had written to the Minister from Peronne:—"I have no news to give you of the messenger I have despatched to Brussels. . . . I venture to ask you if Oldendorf is the miscreant whom we are in search of amidst that company of villians." The prisoner Oldendorf had evidently been in possession of documents of importance, for on the 17th of April, Beauregard sent this despatch to Louvois:—"The Brussels messenger has fortunately brought the casket of Oldendorf. It has not yet been opened, and is in the hands of M. de Nancre until my emissary shall have returned from Antwerp. He has gone to that city as the bearer of a letter from Oldendorf, in order to induce the pensionary Horn to go to Court."

At this moment the King was about to leave Versailles for the siege of Maastricht, and Louvois, as Minister, went in his suite. Louvois, however, seems to have made a halt at Peronne on the 4th

and 5th of May, in order to examine the Oldendorf casket. What its contents were has not been ascertained; but the Minister wrote at once from Peronne to M. Besmaus, the governor of the Bastille:—"Sir, it is of the last importance that no one shall discover what has become of the Sieur Lefroid taken by M. Legrain to the Bastille. Lefroid requested me to let Count Molina know that he was in your hands. Take every imaginable precaution, and be sure that he remains at M——, where somebody he knows is intimate with many people."

This letter of Besmaus, of the 18th of May, refers most probably to this prisoner:—

I have received your letter of the 5th instant, and I have done all that I possibly could to fulfil your orders. I have heard nothing since your departure, and I have not seen any one who can occasion a suspicion. I have not quitted this place for a moment. I have caused a watch to be set on the man you refer to. . . . The man is often in tears, makes many complaints, and told me this morning that you took delight in vexing a great lord who would pay you off for it.

M. Iung argues, on this evidence, that De Kiffenbach, D'Harmois, Oldendorf, Lefroid, and the unknown "man" of Besmaus, are all the same person; and insists further that this criminal was the leader in the conspiracy against Louis XIV. We shall not dispute M. Iung's conclusion as to the identity of the prisoner in question, though the proofs are by no means complete, nor can the reality of the plot be fairly doubted. It should be remarked, too, that just at this time the favour of the King, of late on the wane, in consequence of the jealousy of the Court, was extended to Louvois more amply than ever; and we may at least surmise that this return of a confidence which henceforward was never withdrawn, may have been due to the zeal of the Minister in discovering a conspiracy against the life of the King of formidable if ill-defined extent. M. Iung says:—

Louvois and his father had found the means to baffle the cabal which had sought their ruin. The fall of Maastricht had not sufficed to bring the young secretary into favour again. Louis XIV. was more than ever assailed by the expostulations and complaints of personages interested in the fall of a family at once *parvenu* and all-powerful. The Prince of Condé and Turenne had openly expressed their pretensions; the return of the secretary was to be the occasion when he was to be made feel the

displeasure of the King. Louvois seemed on the point of disgrace, and his friends were already falling away from him, when a sudden change took place.

Our readers will have guessed that M. Iung has discovered the Mask in the plotting Lorrainer, the man of many names arrested at Peronne, and sent afterwards, as we assume, to the Bastille, and who was known there as M. Lefroid, or as the "man" referred to by the cautious governor. Granting, for the sake of argument, that he has traced this prisoner from Brussels to the Bastille, and has ascertained to some extent who he was, he has, we think, failed to establish his main position and to connect the supposed chief of the band of assassins with the mysterious being he seeks to identify. No doubt the epithets we have so often quoted, employed by Saint-Mars and Barbézieux from 1691 to 1698, may with reasonable propriety apply to a prisoner arrested in 1673; but this circumstance proves hardly anything, and in other particulars the evidence adduced by M. Iung is extremely deficient. Our readers, however, shall judge for themselves, though our *résumé* cannot of course be complete. M. Iung asserts that the conspirator of 1673 was detained several months in the Bastille, and then quotes the following despatch of Louvois to Saint-Mars, dated in March 1674:—

The King has thought fit, for the good of his service, to send to Pignerol a prisoner who, though obscure in rank, is nevertheless an important person. His Majesty has caused him to be conducted from hence under the escort of M. Legrain, who will take him to the post called Brou, beyond Lyons. He will be there about the 30th of this month, and you will take care to send ten trusty men of your company, under the command of one of your officers, to receive him. M. Legrain will give all necessary orders as to the manner of guarding this prisoner. You will direct the officer to conduct him quietly along the roads, and to lead him into Pignerol without noise, and so that no one shall be able to perceive that a prisoner is being taken to the donjon.

The Minister also despatched a second order to be given by the director of the post at Lyons to the officer of Saint-Mars who was to receive the prisoner:—"The officer of M. de Saint-Mars will conduct the prisoner to be delivered to him by M. Legrain to the donjon of Pignerol without delay, and will travel always on the domains of the King. He will take every necessary precaution to keep the prisoner safe, will bind him

closely at night, and besides, will never leave him out of sight, or allow him to speak or write to any one whomsoever."

According to M. Iung the conspirator of 1673, taken from Peronne, we suppose, to the Bastille, was one and the same person as this last-named prisoner, transferred to Pignerol eleven months afterwards. But, except the single fact that M. Legrain acted as an escort on both occasions, we have found nothing in M. Iung's book to establish a conclusion of this kind; and it would be strange to argue that because an official personage is seen twice in company with an unknown prisoner, that prisoner must be the same person. At this point M. Iung's case appears to us to break down altogether; and as a chain of proof, when once severed, fails, we might decline to examine the remaining links. These links, however, are at best fragile and will not bear a critical test. Granting, what obviously is the merest conjecture, that the conspirator of 1673 was the prisoner sent in 1674 to Pignerol, M. Iung has yet to show that this last person was one of the two prisoners of the Lower Tower, of the two "merles" of 1681, either of these being, as we think, the Mask. M. Iung has tried hard to prove the identity; but his praiseworthy labours leave us in doubt. Having made search through the prison registers of Pignerol, he has endeavoured to show that, of all the prisoners immured in that fortress from 1664 to 1681, none can answer the required description, except the prisoner of 1674, and another to be presently noticed; but—an essential point in a negative argument—he has not said that the list is complete; and, even if he had, he has not, we think, accounted for two other persons at least, either of whom might as well have been one of the two prisoners we are now seeking as the prisoner at Pignerol in 1674. In the second place, M. Iung contends, we believe rightly, that when Saint-Mars wrote the letter to Destrades in June 1681, and some time afterwards went to Exiles, only five prisoners can be found at Pignerol; and he has demonstrated that two of these were Mattioli, and a man of the name of Dubreuil, and has made it very probable that the third was an obscure person called Eustache Danger, who perhaps acted as valet to Fouquet. Admitting, however, the truth of these facts, it does not follow that we can ascertain who the two remaining prisoners were; all we know is that we find them marked by a

very singular designation ; and it is still less evident that the prisoner of 1674 was certainly one of these persons, the famous pair we have so often mentioned.

Besides, even if we were to admit, the certainly as yet unproved theory, that the prisoner of 1674 was one of the two prisoners of the Lower Tower, it is necessary to go a step further, and to identify these persons, in order to show that he was the mysterious Mask, taken from Exiles to Sainte-Marguerite, and finally entombed in the Bastille. M. Iung endeavours to establish this, by arguing that the Jacobin Monk to whom we have before referred, was the second prisoner of the Lower Tower, and that he died in 1686-7, the date of the death of that prisoner ; but here, again, the suggestions he makes are not sufficient to produce conviction. Reasoning therefore, even on the above vague hypothesis, M. Iung, we think, has not at all shown who the two prisoners of the Lower Tower were ; and, therefore, even at this point of his case, and with a great deal too much conceded to him, has, in our judgment, failed to connect the prisoner of 1674 with the Mask. As we have said, however, we altogether deny that the prisoner of 1674 can be brought in such proximity to the Mask as, for the sake of argument, we have been willing to allow.

We think therefore that proof is wanting to identify the conspirator of 1673 with the prisoner of 1674 ; to associate the prisoner of 1674 with either of the two prisoners of the Lower Tower ; to prove who these two persons were ; and to show which of them was the Mask. At every turn in this part of his search M. Iung fails to attain his object ; and the nameless spectre eludes his grasp.

Ceu fumus in auras  
Commixtus tenues, fugit diversa ; neque illum  
Prensantem nequidquam umbras, et multa volentem  
Dicere, præterea vidit.

Nor can we attach, as M. Iung has done, much weight to the only other presumptions which he has prayed in aid of this branch of his argument. Undoubtedly the precautions observed in conducting and watching the conspirator of 1673, and the prisoner of 1674, have a certain resemblance to those observed in instances in which we discern the Mask ; but we cannot, from such a coincidence as this, infer the identity of those persons. In fact, whatever M. Iung may say, precautions of much the same kind

were taken in the case of numerous prisoners, and really were part of the daily duty of Saint-Mars. The following, for example, is an order for the arrest and detention of the obscure prisoner who seems to have been a valet of Fouquet ; and such orders abound in M. Iung's volume : —

The King has directed me to cause X to be sent to Pignerol. It is of the very utmost importance that he shall be guarded with the strictest attention, and that he shall be unable to let any one know who or where he is. Have a deep and close cell ready for him, and take care that the gratings do not open on a place where any one is likely to be. Let there be so many doors closed one after the other that the sentinels shall be unable to hear a word. You will yourself supply each day the necessities of life to this wretch, and see him take his food ; and you will never listen to what he may desire to say on any pretext whatever. Threaten him with death if he ever opens his mouth to speak of anything but of what he may absolutely be in want of.

We repeat therefore that M. Iung's theory as to the identity of the Mask has not been made out, and the proof seems to us wholly inadequate. It is unnecessary to refer to another matter elaborated by this conscientious writer, for an inquiry really leads to nothing. Dujunca's journal, so often cited, records that the Mask was known by the name of M. de Marchiel on the Bastille register, and this piece of evidence has been made the groundwork of many ingenious guesses. It is improbable, however, in the highest degree, that anything but a well-disguised name would have been given to the mysterious Mask ; and M. Topin's argument that de Marchiel is merely a corruption of Mattioli, and M. Iung's assertion that similar names, and also that of Armoise or Harmoise, are not uncommon to this day in Lorraine, will not bear much weight with judges of evidence, though it is certainly curious that the conspirator of 1673 was sometimes called the Chevalier d'Harmoise, and seems to have been of Lorraine extraction. To sum up our views on the whole question, M. Iung, we think, has distinctly traced the Mask to one of the two prisoners removed from Pignerol in 1681 to Exiles ; and this discovery is of very great value, for it puts an end to the claims of many persons, and more especially to that of Mattioli, and it confines future research within narrow limits. Henceforward, if we do not greatly err, inquiry will gather to one point only ; and if the prisoners

of the Lower Tower, the *merles* of Saint-Mars, can be brought to light, the secret will at last be found out. M. Iung, however, has not established, in our judgment, the case he makes, and the figure of the Mask still recedes before us, impalpable, "with no speculation in his eyes," a ghost in the gloomy by-paths of history. His assiduous researches have, however, disclosed many curious incidents of the reign of Louis XIV., and although he may not have unveiled the face of the Mask, he has, in part at least, laid bare the secrets of an important period in the annals of France, and has lifted up the vizard which concealed the features of a society brilliant upon the surface, but foul with corruption and crime within.

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From Blackwood's Magazine.  
THE PARISIANS.

BY LORD LYTTON.

#### CHAPTER XI.

VICTOR dressed and went out. The streets were crowded. Workmen were everywhere employed in the childish operation of removing all insignia, and obliterating all names that showed where an empire had existed. One greasy citizen, mounted on a ladder, was effacing the words "Boulevard Haussman," and substituting for Haussman, "Victor Hugo."

Suddenly De Mauléon came on a group of blouses, interspersed with women holding babies and ragged boys holding stones, collected round a well-dressed slender man, at whom they were hooting and gesticulating, with menaces of doing something much worse. By an easy effort of his strong frame the Vicomte pushed his way through the tormentors, and gave his arm to their intended victim.

"Monsieur, allow me to walk home with you."

Therewith the shrieks and shouts and gesticulations increased. "Another impertinent! Another traitor! Drown him! Drown them both! To the Seine! To the Seine!" A burly fellow rushed forward, and the rest made a plunging push. The outstretched arm of De Mauléon kept the ringleader at bay. "*Mes enfans*," cried Victor, with a calm clear voice, "I am not an Imperialist. Many of you have read the articles signed

Pierre Firmin, written against the tyrant Bonaparte when he was at the height of his power. I am Pierre Firmin—make way for me." Probably not one in the crowd had ever read a word written by Pierre Firmin, nor even heard of the name. But they did not like to own ignorance; and that burly fellow did not like to encounter that arm of iron which touched his throat. So he cried out, "Oh! if you are the great Pierre Firmin, that alters the case. Make way for the patriot Pierre!" "But," shrieked a virago, thrusting her baby into De Mauléon's face, "the other is the Imperialist, the capitalist, the vile Duplessis. At least we will have him." De Mauléon suddenly snatched the baby from her, and said, with imperturbable good temper, "Exchange of prisoners! I resign the man, and I keep the baby."

No one who does not know the humours of a Parisian mob can comprehend the suddenness of popular change, or the magical mystery over crowds which is effected by quiet courage and a ready joke. The group was appeased at once. Even the virago laughed; and when De Mauléon restored the infant to her arms, with a gold piece thrust into its tiny clasp, she eyed the gold, and cried, "God bless you, citizen!" The two gentlemen made their way safely now.

"M. de Mauléon," said Duplessis, "I know not how to thank you. Without your seasonable aid I should have been in great danger of life; and—would you believe it?—the woman who denounced and set the mob on me was one of the objects of a charity which I weekly dispense to the poor."

"Of course I believe that. At the Red clubs no crime is more denounced than that of charity. It is the 'fraud against *Egalité*'—a vile trick of the capitalist to save to himself the millions he ought to share with all by giving a *sou* to one. Meanwhile take my advice, M. Duplessis, and quit Paris with your young daughter. This is no place for rich Imperialists at present."

"I perceived that before to-day's adventure. I distrust the looks of my very servants, and shall depart with Valérie this evening for Bretagne."

"Ah! I heard from Louvier that you propose to pay off his mortgage on Rochebriant, and make yourself sole proprietor of my young kinsman's property."

"I trust you only believe half what you hear. I mean to save Rochebriant from Louvier, and consign it, free of charge,



to your kinsman, as the *dot* of his bride, my daughter."

"I rejoice to learn such good news for the head of my house. But Alain himself — is he not a prisoner of war?"

"No, thank heaven. He went forth an officer of a regiment of Parisian Mobiles — went full of sanguine confidence; he came back with his regiment in mournful despondency. The undiscipline of his regiment, of the Parisian Mobiles generally, appears incredible. Their insolent disobedience to their officers, their ribald scoffs at their general — oh, it is sickening to speak of it! Alain distinguished himself by repressing a mutiny, and is honoured by a signal compliment from the commander in a letter of recommendation to Palikao. But Palikao is nobody now. Alain has already been sent into Bretagne, commissioned to assist in organizing a corps of Mobiles in his neighbourhood. Trochu, as you know, is a Breton. Alain is confident of the good conduct of the Bretons. What will Louvier do? He is an arch Republican; is he pleased now he has got what he wanted?"

"I suppose he is pleased, for he is terribly frightened. Fright is one of the great enjoyments of a Parisian. Good day. Your path to your hotel is clear now. Remember me kindly to Alain."

De Mauléon continued his way through streets sometimes deserted, sometimes thronged. At the commencement of the Rue de Florentin he encountered the brothers Vandemar walking arm in arm.

"Ha, De Mauléon!" cried Enguerrand; "what is the last minute's news?"

"I can't guess. Nobody knows at Paris how soon one folly swallows up another. Saturn here is always devouring one or other of his children."

"They say that Vinoy, after a most masterly retreat, is almost at our gates with 80,000 men."

"And this day twelvemonth we may know what he does with them."

Here Raoul, who seemed absorbed in gloomy reflections, halted before the hotel in which the Comtesse di Rinini lodged, and with a nod to his brother, and a polite, if not cordial salutation to Victor, entered the *porte cochère*.

"Your brother seems out of spirits, — a pleasing contrast to the uproarious mirth with which Parisians welcome the advance of calamity."

"Raoul, as you know, is deeply religious. He regards the defeat we have sustained, and the peril that threatens us,

as the beginning of a divine chastisement, justly incurred by our sins — I mean, the sins of Paris. In vain my father reminds him of Voltaire's story, in which the ship goes down with a *fripou* on board. In order to punish the *fripou*, the honest folks are drowned."

"Is your father going to remain on board the ship, and share the fate of the other honest folks?"

"*Pas si bête*. He is off to Dieppe for sea-bathing. He says that Paris has grown so dirty since the 4th September, that it is only fit for the feet of the Unwashed. He wished my mother to accompany him; but she replies, 'No; there are already too many wounded not to need plenty of nurses.' She is assisting to inaugurate a society of ladies in aid of the *Sœurs de Charité*. Like Raoul, she is devout, but she has not his superstitions. Still his superstitions are the natural reaction of a singularly earnest and pure nature from the frivolity and corruption which, when kneaded well up together with a slice of sarcasm, Paris calls philosophy."

"And what, my dear Enguerrand, do you propose to do?"

"That depends on whether we are really besieged. If so, of course I become a soldier."

"I hope not a National Guard?"

"I care not in what name I fight, so that I fight for France."

As Enguerrand said these simple words, his whole countenance seemed changed. The crest rose; the eyes sparkled; the fair and delicate beauty which had made him the darling of women — the joyous sweetness of expression and dainty grace of high breeding which made the most popular companion to men, — were exalted in a masculine nobleness of aspect, from which a painter might have taken hints for a study of the young Achilles separated forever from effeminate companionship at the sight of the weapons of war. De Mauléon gazed on him admiringly. We have seen that he shared the sentiments uttered — had resolved on the same course of action. But it was with the tempered warmth of a man who seeks to divest his thoughts and his purpose of the ardour of romance, and who in serving his country, calculates on the gains to his own ambition. Nevertheless he admired in Enguerrand the image of his own impulsive and fiery youth.

"And you, I presume," resumed Enguerrand, "will fight too, but rather with pen than with sword."



"Pens will now only be dipped in red ink, and common-sense never writes in that colour; as for the sword, I have passed the age of forty-five at which military service halts. But if some experience in active service, some knowledge of the art by which soldiers are disciplined and led, will be deemed sufficient title to a post of command, however modest the grade be, I shall not be wanting among the defenders of Paris."

"My brave dear Vicomte, if you are past the age to serve, you are in the ripest age to command; and with the testimonials and the cross you won in Algeria, your application for employment will be received with gratitude by any general so able as Trochu."

"I don't know whether I shall apply to Trochu. I would rather be elected to command even by the Mobiles or the National Guard, of whom I have just spoken disparagingly; and no doubt both corps will soon claim and win the right to choose their officers. But if elected, no matter by whom, I shall make a preliminary condition: the men under me shall train, and drill, and obey,—soldiers of a very different kind from the youthful Pekins nourished on absinthe and self-conceit, and applauding that Bombastes Furioso, M. Hugo, when he assures the enemy that Paris will draw an idea from its scabbard. But here comes Savarin. *Bon jour*, my dear poet."

"Don't say good day. An evil day for journalists and writers who do not out-Herod Blanqui and Pyat. I know not how I shall get bread and cheese. My poor suburban villa is to be pulled down by way of securing Paris; my journal will be suppressed by way of establishing the liberty of the press. It ventured to suggest that the people of France should have some choice in the form of their government."

"That was very indiscreet, my poor Savarin," said Victor; "I wonder your printing-office has not been pulled down. We are now at the moment when wise men hold their tongues."

"Perhaps so, M. de Mauléon. It might have been wiser for all of us, you as well as myself, if we had not allowed our tongues to be so free before this moment arrived. We live to learn; and if we ever have what may be called a possible government again, in which we may say pretty much what we like, there is one thing I will not do, I will not undermine that government without seeing a very clear way to the government that is to

follow it. What say you, Pierre Firmin?"

"Frankly, I say that I deserve your rebuke," answered De Mauléon, thoughtfully. "But, of course, you are going to take or send Madame Savarin out of Paris?"

"Certainly. We have made a very pleasant party for our hegeira this evening—among others the Morleys. Morley is terribly disgusted. A Red Republican slapped him on the shoulder and said, 'American, we have a republic as well as you.' 'Pretty much you know about republics,' growled Morley: 'a French republic is as much like ours as a baboon is like a man.' On which the Red roused the mob, who dragged the American off to the nearest station of the National Guard, where he was accused of being a Prussian spy. With some difficulty, and lots of brag about the sanctity of the stars and stripes, he escaped with a reprimand, and caution how to behave himself in future. So he quits a city in which there no longer exists freedom of speech. My wife hoped to induce Mademoiselle Cicogna to accompany us; I grieve to say she refuses. You know she is engaged in marriage to Gustave Rameau; and his mother dreads the effect that these Red clubs and his own vanity may have upon his excitable temperament if the influence of Mademoiselle Cicogna be withdrawn."

"How could a creature so exquisite as Isaura Cicogna ever find fascination in Gustave Rameau!" exclaimed Enguerand.

"A woman like her," answered De Mauléon, "always finds a fascination in self-sacrifice."

"I think you divine the truth," said Savarin, rather mournfully. "But I must bid you good-bye. May we live to shake hands *réunis sous des meilleurs auspices*."

Here Savarin hurried off, and the other two men strolled into the Champs Elysées, which were crowded with loungers, gay and careless, as if there had been no disaster at Sedan, no overthrow of an empire, no enemy on its road to Paris.

In fact the Parisians, at once the most incredulous and the most credulous of all populations, believed that the Prussians would never be so impertinent as to come in sight of the gates. Something would occur to stop them! The king had declared he did not war on Frenchmen, but on the Emperor: the Emperor gone, the war was over. A democratic republic was instituted. A horrible

thing in its way, it is true; but how could the Pandour tyrant brave the infection of democratic doctrines among his own barbarian armies? Were not placards, addressed to our "German brethren" posted upon the walls of Paris, exhorting the Pandours to fraternize with their fellow-creatures? Was not Victor Hugo going to publish "a letter to the German people?" Had not Jules Favre graciously offered peace, with the assurance that "France would not cede a stone of her fortresses—an inch of her territory? She would pardon the invaders, and not march upon Berlin!" To all these, and many more such incontestable proofs, that the idea of a siege was moonshine, did Enguerrand and Victor listen as they joined group after group of their fellow-countrymen: nor did Paris cease to harbour such pleasing illusions, amusing itself with piously laying crowns at the foot of the statue of Strasbourg, swearing "they would be worthy of their Alsatian brethren" till on the 19th of September the last telegram was received, and Paris was cut off from the rest of the world by the iron line of the Prussian invaders. "Tranquil and terrible," says Victor Hugo, "she awaits the invasion! A volcano needs no assistance."

## CHAPTER XII.

WE left Graham Vane slowly recovering from the attack of fever which had arrested his journey to Berlin in quest of the Count von Rudesheim. He was, however, saved the prosecution of that journey, and his direction turned back to France by a German newspaper which informed him that the king of Prussia was at Rheims, and that the Count von Rudesheim was among the eminent personages gathered there around their sovereign. In conversing the same day with the kindly doctor who attended him, Graham ascertained that this German noble held a high command in the German armies, and bore a no less distinguished reputation as a wise political counsellor than he had earned as a military chief. As soon as he was able to travel, and indeed before the good doctor sanctioned his departure, Graham took his way to Rheims, uncertain, however, whether the Count would still be found there. I spare the details of his journey, interesting as they were. On reaching the famous, and in the eyes of Legitimists the sacred city, the Englishman had no difficulty in ascertaining the house, not far from the cathedral, in which the Count

von Rudesheim had taken his temporary abode. Walking towards it from the small hotel in which he had been lucky enough to find a room disengaged—slowly, for he was still feeble—he was struck by the quiet conduct of the German soldiery, and, save in their appearance, the peaceful aspect of the streets. Indeed there was an air of festive gaiety about the place, as in an English town in which some popular regiment is quartered. The German soldiers thronged the shops, buying largely; lounged into the *cafés*; here and there attempted flirtations with the *grisettes* who laughed at their French and blushed at their compliments; and in their good-humoured, somewhat bashful cheeriness, there was no trace of the insolence of conquest.

But as Graham neared the precincts of the cathedral his ear caught a grave and solemn music, which he at first supposed to come from within the building. But as he paused and looked round, he saw a group of the German military, on whose stalwart forms and fair manly earnest faces the setting sun cast its calm lingering rays. They were chanting, in voices not loud but deep, Luther's majestic hymn, "*Nun danket alle Gott*." The chant awed even the ragged beggar boys who had followed the Englishman, as they followed any stranger, would have followed King William himself, whining for alms. "What a type of the difference between the two nations!" thought Graham; "the Marseillaise, and Luther's Hymn!" While thus meditating and listening, a man in a general's uniform came slowly out of the cathedral, with his hands clasped behind his back, and his head bent slightly downwards. He, too, paused on hearing the hymn; then unclasped his hand and beckoned to one of the officers, to whom approaching he whispered a word or two, and passed on towards the Episcopal palace. The hymn hushed, and the singers quietly dispersed. Graham divined rightly that the general had thought a hymn thanking the God of battles might wound the feelings of the inhabitants of the vanquished city—not, however, that any of them were likely to understand the language in which the thanks were uttered. Graham followed the measured steps of the general, whose hands were again clasped behind his back—the musing habit of Von Moltke, as it had been of Napoleon the First.

Continuing his way, the Englishman soon reached the house in which the

Count von Rudesheim was lodged, and sending in his card, was admitted at once through an anteroom in which sate two young men, subaltern officers, apparently employed in draughting maps, into the presence of the Count.

"Pardon me," said Graham, after the first conventional salutation, "if I interrupt you for a moment or so in the midst of events so grave, on matters that must seem to you very trivial."

"Nay," answered the Count, "there is nothing so trivial in this world but what there will be some one to whom it is important. Say how I can serve you."

"I think, M. le Comte, that you once received in your household, as teacher or governess, a French lady, Madame Marigny."

"Yes, I remember her well—a very handsome woman. My wife and daughter took great interest in her. She was married out of my house."

"Exactly—and to whom?"

"An Italian of good birth, who was then employed by the Austrian Government in some minor post, and subsequently promoted to a better one in the Italian dominion, which then belonged to the house of Hapsburg, after which we lost sight of him and his wife."

"An Italian—what was his name?"

"Ludovico Cicogna."

"Cicogna!" exclaimed Graham, turning very pale. "Are you sure that was the name?"

"Certainly. He was a cadet of a very noble house, and disowned by relations too patriotic to forgive him for accepting employment under the Austrian Government."

"Can you not give me the address of the place in Italy to which he was transferred on leaving Austria?"

"No; but if the information be necessary to you, it can be obtained easily at Milan, where the head of the family resides, or indeed in Vienna, through any ministerial bureau."

"Pardon me one or two questions more. Had Madame Marigny any children by a former husband?"

"Not that I know of: I never heard so. Signor Cicogna was a widower, and had, if I remember right, children by his first wife, who was also a Frenchwoman. Before he obtained office in Austria, he resided I believe, in France. I do not remember how many children he had by his first wife. I never saw them. Our acquaintance began at the baths of Toplitz, where he saw and fell violently in

love with Madame Marigny. After their marriage they went to his post, which was somewhere, I think, in the Tyrol. We saw no more of them; but my wife and daughter kept up a correspondence with the Signora Cicogna for a short time. It ceased altogether when she removed into Italy."

"You do not even know if the Signora is still living?"

"No."

"Her husband, I am told, is dead."

"Indeed! I am concerned to hear it. A good-looking, lively, clever man. I fear he must have lost all income when the Austrian dominions passed to the House of Savoy."

"Many thanks for your information. I can detain you no longer," said Graham, rising.

"Nay, I am not very busy at this moment; but I fear we Germans have plenty of work on our hands."

"I had hoped that, now the French Emperor, against whom your king made war, was set aside, his Prussian majesty would make peace with the French people."

"Most willingly would he do so if the French people would let him. But it must be through a French Government legally chosen by the people. And they have chosen none! A mob at Paris sets up a provisional administration, that commences by declaring that it will not give up an 'inch of its territory nor a stone of its fortresses.' No terms of peace can be made with such men holding such talk." After a few words more over the state of public affairs,—in which Graham expressed the English side of affairs, which was all for generosity to the vanquished; and the Count argued much more ably on the German, which was all for security against the aggressions of a people that would not admit itself to be vanquished,—the short interview closed.

As Graham at night pursued his journey to Vienna, there came into his mind Isaura's song of the Neapolitan fisherman. Had he, too, been blind to the image on the rock? Was it possible that all the while he had been resisting the impulse of his heart, until the discharge of the mission intrusted to him freed his choice and decided his fortunes, the very person of whom he was in search had been before him, then to be forever won, lost to him now forever? Could Isaura Cicogna be the child of Louise Duval by Richard King? She could not have been her child by Ci

cogna: the dates forbade that hypothesis. Isaura must have been five years old when Louise married the Italian.

Arrived at Milan, Graham quickly ascertained that the post to which Ludovico Cicogna had been removed was in Verona, and that he had there died eight years ago. Nothing was to be learned as to his family or his circumstances at the time of his death. The people of whose history we know the least are the relations we refuse to acknowledge. Graham continued his journey to Verona. There he found on inquiry that the Cicognas had occupied an apartment in a house which stood at the outskirts of the town, and had been since pulled down to make way for some public improvements. But his closest inquiries could gain him no satisfactory answers to the all-important questions as to Ludovico Cicogna's family. His political alienation from the Italian cause, which was nowhere more ardently espoused than at Verona, had rendered him very unpopular. He visited at no Italian houses. Such society as he had was confined to the Austrian military within the Quadrilateral or at Venice, to which city he made frequent excursions: was said to lead there a free and gay life, very displeasing to the Signora, whom he left in Verona. She was but little seen, and faintly remembered as very handsome and proud-looking. Yes, there were children—a girl, and a boy several years younger than the girl; but whether she was the child of the Signora by a former marriage, or whether the Signora was only the child's stepmother, no one could say. The usual clue in such doubtful matters, obtainable through servants, was here missing. The Cicognas had only kept two servants, and both were Austrian subjects, who had long left the country,—their very name forgotten.

Graham now called to mind the Englishman Selby, for whom Isaura had such grateful affection, as supplying to her the place of her father. This must have been the Englishman whom Louise Duval had married after Cicogna's death. It would be no difficult task, surely, to ascertain where he had resided. Easy enough to ascertain all that Graham wanted to know from Isaura herself, if a letter could reach her. But, as he knew by the journals, Paris was now invested—cut off from all communication with the world beyond. Too irritable, anxious, and impatient, to wait for the close of the siege, though he never suspected

it could last so long as it did, he hastened to Venice, and there learned through the British consul that the late Mr. Selby was a learned antiquarian, an accomplished general scholar, a *fanatico* in music, a man of gentle temper though reserved manners; had at one time lived much at Venice: after his marriage with the Signora Cicogna, he had taken up his abode near Florence. To Florence Graham now went. He found the villa on the skirts of Fiesole at which Mr. Selby had resided. The peasant who had officiated as gardener and shareholder in the profits of vines and figs, was still, with his wife, living on the place. Both man and wife remembered the *Inglese* well; spoke of him with great affection, of his wife with great dislike. They said her manners were very haughty, her temper very violent; that she led the *Inglese* a very unhappy life; that there were a girl and a boy, both hers by a former marriage; but when closely questioned whether they were sure that the girl was the Signora's child by the former husband, or whether she was not the child of that husband by a former wife, they could only say that both were called by the same name—Cicogna; that the boy was the Signora's favourite—that indeed she seemed wrapt up in him; that he died of a rapid decline a few months after Mr. Selby had hired the place, and that shortly after his death the Signora left the place and never returned to it; that it was little more than a year that she had lived with her husband before this final separation took place. The girl remained with Mr. Selby, who cherished and loved her as his own child. Her Christian name was Isaura, the boy's Luigi. A few years later, Mr. Selby left the villa, and went to Naples, where they heard he had died. They could give no information as to what had become of his wife. Since the death of her boy that lady had become very much changed—her spirits quite broken, no longer violent. She would sit alone and weep bitterly. The only person out of her family she would receive was the priest; till the boy's death she had never seen the priest, nor been known to attend divine service.

"Was the priest living?"

"Oh no; he had been dead two years. A most excellent man—a saint," said the peasant's wife.

"Good priests are like good women," said the peasant, drily; "there are plenty of them, but they are all underground." On which remark the wife tried to box

his ears. The *contadino* had become a freethinker since the accession of the house of Savoy. His wife remained a good Catholic.

Said the peasant as, escaping from his wife, he walked into the highroad with Graham, "My belief, *Eccellenza*, is that the priest did all the mischief."

"What mischief?"

"Persuaded the Signora to leave her husband. The *Inglese* was not a Catholic. I heard the priest call him a heretic. And the *Padre*, who, though not so bad as some of his cloth, was a meddling bigot, thought it perhaps best for her soul that it should part company with a heretic's person. I can't say for sure, but I think that was it. The *Padre* seemed to triumph when the Signora was gone."

Graham mused. The peasant's supposition was not improbable. A woman such as Louise Duval appeared to be — of vehement passions and ill-regulated mind — was just one of those who, in a moment of great sorrow, and estranged from the ordinary household affections, feel, though but imperfectly, the necessity of a religion, and, ever in extremes, pass at once from indifference into superstition.

Arrived at Naples, Graham heard little of Selby except as a literary recluse, whose only distraction from books was the operatic stage. But he heard much of Isaura; of the kindness which Madame de Grantmesnil had shown to her, when left by Selby's death alone in the world; of the interest which the friendship and the warm eulogies of one so eminent as the great French writer had created for Isaura in the artistic circles; of the intense sensation her appearance, her voice, her universal genius, had made in that society, and the brilliant hopes of her subsequent career on the stage the *cognoscenti* had formed. No one knew anything of her mother; no one entertained a doubt that Isaura was by birth a Cicogna. Graham could not learn the present whereabouts of Madame de Grantmesnil. She had long left Naples, and had been last heard of at Genoa; was supposed to have returned to France a little before the war. In France she had no fixed residence.

The simplest mode of obtaining authentic information whether Isaura was the daughter of Ludovico Cicogna by his first wife — namely, by registration of her birth — failed him; because, as Von Rudesheim had said, his first wife was a Frenchwoman. The children had been

born somewhere in France, no one could even guess where. No one had ever seen the first wife, who had never appeared in Italy, nor had even heard what was her maiden name.

Graham, meanwhile, was not aware that Isaura was still in the besieged city, whether or not already married to Gustave Rameau; so large a number of the women had quitted Paris before the siege began, that he had reason to hope she was among them. He heard through an American that the Morleys had gone to England before the Prussian investment; perhaps Isaura had gone with them. He wrote to Mrs. Morley, enclosing his letter to the Minister of the United States at the Court of St. James's, and while still at Naples received her answer. It was short, and malignantly bitter. "Both myself and Madame Savarin, backed by Signora Venosta, earnestly entreated Mademoiselle Cicogna to quit Paris, to accompany us to England. Her devotion to her affianced husband would not permit her to listen to us. It is only an Englishman who could suppose Isaura Cicogna to be one of those women who do not insist on sharing the perils of those they love. You ask whether she was the daughter of Ludovico Cicogna by his former marriage, or of his second wife by him. I cannot answer. I don't even know whether Signor Cicogna ever had a former wife. Isaura Cicogna never spoke to me of her parents. Permit me to ask what business is it of yours now? Is it the English pride that makes you wish to learn whether on both sides she is of noble family? How can that discovery alter your relations towards the affianced bride of another?"

On receipt of this letter Graham quitted Naples, and shortly afterwards found himself at Versailles. He obtained permission to establish himself there, though the English were by no means popular. Thus near to Isaura, thus sternly separated from her, Graham awaited the close of the siege. Few among those at Versailles believed that the Parisians would endure it much longer. Surely they would capitulate before the bombardment, which the Germans themselves disliked to contemplate as a last resource, could commence.

In his own mind Graham was convinced that Isaura was the child of Richard King. It seemed to him probable that Louise Duval, unable to assign any real name to the daughter of the marriage she



disowned,—neither the name borne by the repudiated husband, nor her own maiden name,—would, on taking her daughter to her new home, have induced Cicogna to give the child his name; or that after Cicogna's death she herself had so designated the girl. A dispassionate confidant, could Graham have admitted any confidant whatever, might have suggested the more than equal probability that Isaura was Cicogna's daughter by a former espousal. But then what could have become of Richard King's child? To part with the future in his hands, to relinquish all the ambitious dreams which belonged to it, cost Graham Vane no pang; but he writhed with indignant grief when he thought that the wealth of Richard King's heiress was to pass to the hands of Gustave Rameau,—that this was to be the end of his researches—this the result of the sacrifice his sense of honour imposed on him. And now that there was the probability that he must convey to Isaura this large inheritance, the practical difficulty of inventing some reason for such a donation, which he had, while at a distance, made light of, became seriously apparent. How could he say to Isaura that he had £200,000 in trust for her, without naming any one so devising it? Still more, how constitute himself her guardian, so as to secure it to herself, independently of her husband? Perhaps Isaura was too infatuated with Rameau, or too romantically unselfish, to permit the fortune so mysteriously conveyed being exclusively appropriated to herself. And if she were already married to Rameau, and if he were armed with the right to inquire into the source of this fortune, how exposed to the risks of disclosure would become the secret Graham sought to conceal! Such a secret affecting the memory of the sacred dead, affixing a shame on the scutcheon of the living, in the irreverent hands of a Gustave Rameau,—it was too dreadful to contemplate such a hazard. And yet if Isaura were the missing heiress, could Graham Vane admit any excuse for basely withholding from her, for coolly retaining to himself, the wealth for which he was responsible? Yet, torturing as were these communings with himself, they were mild in their torture compared to the ever-growing anguish of the thought that in any case the only woman he had ever loved,—ever could love,—who might but for his own scruples and prejudices have been the partner of his life,—was per-

haps now actually the wife of another; and, as such, in what terrible danger! Famine within the walls of the doomed city: without, the engines of death waiting for a signal. So near to her, and yet so far! So willing to die for her, if for her he could not live: and with all his devotion, all his intellect, all his wealth, so powerless!

#### CHAPTER XIII.

It is now the middle of November—a Sunday. The day has been mild, and is drawing towards its close. The Parisians have been enjoying the sunshine. Under the leafless trees in the public gardens and the Champs Elysées children have been at play. On the Boulevards the old elegance of gaiety is succeeded by a livelier animation. Itinerant musicians gather round them ragged groups. Fortune-tellers are in great request, especially among the once brilliant Laises and Thaises, now looking more shabby, to whom they predict the speedy restoration of Nabobs and Russians, and golden joys. Yonder Punch is achieving a victory over the Evil One, who wears the Prussian spiked helmet, and whose face has been recently beautified into a resemblance to Bismarck. Punch draws to his show a laughing audience of *Moblots* and recruits to the new companies of the National Guard. Members of the once formidable police, now threadbare and hunger-pinched, stand side by side with unfortunate beggars and sinister-looking patriots who have served their time in the jails or galleys.

Uniforms of all variety are conspicuous—the only evidence visible of an enemy at the walls. But the aspects of the wearers of warlike accoutrements are *débonnaire* and smiling, as of revellers on a holiday of peace. Among these defenders of their country, at the door of a crowded *café*, stands Frederic Lemercier, superb in the costume, bran-new, of a National Guard,—his dog Fox tranquilly reposing on its haunches, with eyes fixed upon its fellow-dog philosophically musing on the edge of Punch's show, whose master is engaged in the conquest of the Bismarck fiend.

"Lemercier," cried the Vicomte de Brézé, approaching the *café*, "I scarcely recognize you in that martial guise. You look *magnifique*—the *galons* become you. *Peste!* an officer already?"

"The National Guards and Mobiles are permitted to choose their own officers, as you are aware. I have been elected, but to subaltern grade, by the warlike patriots



of my department. Enguerrand de Vandemar is elected a captain of the Mables in his, and Victor de Mauléon is appointed to the command of a battalion of the National Guards. But I soar above jealousy at such a moment, —

Rome a choisi mon bras ; je n'examine rien."

"You have no right to be jealous. De Mauléon has had experience and won distinction in actual service, and from all I hear is doing wonders with his men — has got them not only to keep but to love drill. I heard no less an authority than General V—— say that if all the officers of the National Guard were like De Mauléon, that body would give an example of discipline to the line."

"I say nothing as to the promotion of a real soldier like the Vicomte — but a Parisian dandy like Enguerrand de Vandemar!"

"You forget that Enguerrand received a military education — an advantage denied to you."

"What does that matter? Who cares for education nowadays? Besides, have I not been training ever since the 4th of September, to say nothing of the hard work on the ramparts?"

"*Parlez moi de cela* : it is indeed hard work on the ramparts. *Infandum dolorem quorum pars magna fui*. Take the day duty. What with rising at seven o'clock, and being drilled between a middle-aged and corpulent grocer on one side and a meagre beardless barber's apprentice on the other; what with going to the bastions at eleven, and seeing half one's companions drunk before twelve; what with trying to keep their fists off one's face when one politely asks them not to call one's general a traitor or a poltroon, — the work of the ramparts would be insupportable, if I did not take a pack of cards with me, and enjoy a quiet rubber with three other heroes in some sequestered corner. As for night work, nothing short of the indomitable fortitude of a Parisian could sustain it; the tents made expressly not to be waterproof, like the groves of the Muses, —

per

Quos et aquæ subeant et auræ.

A fellow-companion of mine tucks himself up on my rug, and pillows his head on my knapsack. I remonstrate — he swears — the other heroes wake up and threaten to thrash us both; and just when peace is made, and one hopes for a wink of sleep, a detachment of spectators,

chiefly *gamins*, coming to see that all is safe in the camp, strike up the Marseillaise. Ah, the world will ring to the end of time with the sublime attitude of Paris in the face of the Vandal invaders, especially when it learns that the very shoes we stand in are made of cardboard. In vain we complain. The contractor for shoes is a staunch republican, and jobs by right divine. May I ask if you have dined yet?"

"Heavens! no; it is too early. But I am excessively hungry. I had only a quarter of jugged cat for breakfast, and the brute was tough. In reply to your question, may I put another — Did you lay in plenty of stores?"

"Stores? no; I am a bachelor, and rely on the stores of my married friends."

"Poor De Brézé! I sympathise with you, for I am in the same boat, and dinner invitations have become monstrous rare."

"Oh, but you are so confoundedly rich! What to you are forty francs for a rabbit, or eighty francs for a turkey?"

"Well, I suppose I am rich, but I have no money, and the ungrateful *restaurants* will not give me credit. They don't believe in better days."

"How can you want money?"

"Very naturally. I had invested my capital famously — the best speculations — partly in house rents, partly in company shares; and houses pay no rents, and nobody will buy company shares. I had 1000 napoleons on hand, it is true, when Duplessis left Paris — much more, I thought, than I could possibly need, for I never believed in the siege. But during the first few weeks I played at whist with bad luck, and since then so many old friends have borrowed of me that I doubt if I have 200 francs left. I have despatched four letters to Duplessis by pigeon and balloon, entreating him to send me 25,000 francs by some trusty fellow who will pierce the Prussian lines. I have had two answers — 1st, That he will find a man; 2d, that the man is found and on his way. Trust to that man, my dear friend, and meanwhile lend me 200 francs."

"*Mon chere, désolé* to refuse; but I was about to ask you to share your 200 francs with me who live chiefly by my pen; and that resource is cut off. Still, *il faut vivre* — one must dine."

"That is a fact, and we will dine together to-day at my expense, limited liability, though — eight francs a head."

"Generous Monsieur, I accept. Mean.

while let us take a turn towards the Madeleine."

The two Parisians quit the *café*, and proceed up the Boulevard. On their way they encounter Savarin. "Why," said De Brézé, "I thought you had left Paris with Madame."

"So I did, and deposited her safely with the Morleys at Boulogne. These kind Americans were going to England, and they took her with them. But I quit Paris! I! No: I am old; I am growing obese. I have always been short-sighted. I can neither wield a sword nor handle a musket. But Paris needs defenders; and every moment I was away from her I sighed to myself, '*Il faut être là!*' I returned before the Vandals had possessed themselves of our railways, the *convoi* overcrowded with men like myself, who had removed wives and families; and when we asked each other why we went back, every answer was the same, '*Il faut être là!*' No, poor child, no—I have nothing to give you."

These last words were addressed to a woman young and handsome, with a dress that a few weeks ago might have been admired for taste and elegance by the lady leaders of the *ton*, but was now darned, and dirty, and draggled.

"Monsieur, I did not stop you to ask for alms. You do not seem to remember me, M. Savarin."

"But I do," said Lemer cier; "surely I address Mademoiselle Julie Caumartin."

"Ah, excuse me, *le petit Frédéric*," said Julie, with a sickly attempt at coquettish sprightliness; "I had no eyes except for M. Savarin."

"And why only for me, my poor child?" asked the kind-hearted author.

"Hush!" She drew him aside. "Because you can give me news of that monster Gustave. It is not true, it cannot be true, that he is going to be married?"

"Nay, surely, Mademoiselle, all connection between you and young Rameau has ceased for months—ceased from the date of that illness in July which nearly carried him off."

"I resigned him to the care of his mother," said the girl; "but when he no longer needs a mother, he belongs to me. Oh, consider, M. Savarin, for his sake I refused the most splendid offers! When he sought me, I had my *coupé*, opera-box, my *cachemires*, my jewels. The Russians—the English—vied for my smiles. But I loved the man. I never loved before: I shall never love again; and

after the sacrifices I have made for him, nothing shall induce me to give him up. Tell me, I entreat, my dear M. Savarin, where he is hiding. He has left the parental roof, and they refused there to give me his address."

"My poor girl, don't be *méchante*. It is quite true that Gustave Rameau is engaged to be married; and any attempt of yours to create scandal——"

"Monsieur," interrupted Julie, vehemently, "don't talk to me about scandal! The man is mine, and no one else shall have him. His address?"

"Mademoiselle," cried Savarin, angrily, "find it out for yourself." Then—repentant of rudeness to one so young and so desolate—he added, in mild expostulatory accents: "Come, come, *ma belle enfant*, be reasonable; Gustave is no loss. He is reduced to poverty."

"So much the better. When he was well off I never cost him more than a supper at the Maison Dorée; and if he is poor he shall marry me, and I will support him!"

"You!—and how?"

"By my profession when peace comes; and meanwhile I have offers from a *café* to recite warlike songs. Ah! you shake your head incredulously. The ballet-dancer recite verses? Yes! he taught me to recite his own *Soyez bon pour moi*. M. Savarin! do say where I can find *mon homme*."

"No."

"That is your last word?"

"It is."

The girl drew her thin shawl round her and hurried off. Savarin rejoined his friends. "Is that the way you console yourself for the absence of Madame?" asked De Brézé, drily.

"Fie!" cried Savarin, indignantly; "such bad jokes are ill-timed. What strange mixtures of good and bad, of noble and base, every stratum of Paris life contains! There is that poor girl, in one way contemptible, no doubt, and yet in another way she has an element of grandeur. On the whole, at Paris, the women, with all their faults, are of finer mould than the men."

"French gallantry has always admitted that truth," said Lemer cier. "Fox, Fox, Fox." Uttering this cry, he darted forward after the dog, who had strayed a few yards to salute another dog led by a string, and caught the animal in his arms. "Pardon me," he exclaimed, returning to his friends, "but there are so many snares for dogs at present. They are just com-

ing into fashion for roasts, and Fox is so plump."

"I thought," said Savarin, "that it was resolved at all the sporting clubs that, be the pinch of famine ever so keen, the friend of man should not be eaten."

"That was while the beef lasted; but since we have to come to cats, who shall predict immunity to dogs? *Quid intactum nefasti liquimus?* Nothing is sacred from the hand of rapine."

The church of the Madeleine now stood before them. *Moblots* were playing pitch-and-toss on its steps.

"I don't wish you to accompany me, Messieurs," said Lemer cier, apologetically, "but I am going to enter the church."

"To pray?" asked De Brézé, in profound astonishment.

"Not exactly; but I want to speak to my friend Rochebriant, and I know I shall find him there."

"Praying?" again asked De Brézé.

"Yes."

"That is curious—a young Parisian exquisite at prayer—that is worth seeing. Let us enter, too, Savarin."

They entered the church. It is filled, and even the sceptical De Brézé is impressed and awed by the sight. An intense fervour pervades the congregation. The majority, it is true, are women, many of them in deep mourning, and many of their faces mourning deeper than the dress. Everywhere may be seen gushing tears, and everywhere faintly heard the sound of stifled sighs. Besides the women were men of all ages—young, middle aged, old, with heads bowed and hands clasped, pale, grave, and earnest. Most of them were evidently of the superior grade in life—nobles, and the higher *bourgeoisie*: few of the *ouvrier* class, very few, and these were of an earlier generation. I except soldiers, of whom there were many, from the provincial Mobiles, chiefly Bretons; you know the Breton soldiers by the little cross worn on their *képis*.

Among them Lemer cier at once distinguished the noble countenance of Alain de Rochebriant. De Brézé and Savarin looked at each other with solemn eyes. I know not when either had been within a church; perhaps both were startled to find that religion still existed in Paris—and largely exist it does, though little seen on the surface of society, little to be estimated by the articles of journals and the reports of foreigners. Unhappily, those among whom it exists

are not the ruling class—are of the classes that are dominated over and obscured in every country the moment the populace becomes master. And at that moment the journals chiefly read were warring more against the Deity than the Prussians—were denouncing soldiers who attended mass. "The Gospel certainly makes a bad soldier," writes the patriot Pyat.

Lemer cier knelt down quietly. The other two men crept noiselessly out, and stood waiting for him on the steps, watching the *Moblots* (Parisian *Moblots*) at play.

"I should not wait for the *roturier* if he had not promised me a *roti*," said the Vicomte de Brézé, with a painful attempt at the patrician wit of the *ancien régime*.

Savarin shrugged his shoulders. "I am not included in the invitation," said he, "and therefore free to depart. I must go and look up a former *confrère* who was an enthusiastic Red Republican, and I fear does not get so much to eat since he has no longer an Emperor to abuse."

So Savarin went away. A few minutes afterwards Lemer cier emerged from the church with Alain.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

"I KNEW I should find you in the Madeleine," said Lemer cier, "and I wished much to know when you had news from Duplessis. He and your fair *fiancée* are with your aunt still staying at Rochebriant?"

"Certainly. A pigeon arrived this morning with a few lines. All well there."

"And Duplessis thinks, despite the war, that he shall be able, when the time comes, to pay Louvier the mortgage-sum?"

"He never doubts that. His credit in London is so good. But of course all works of improvement are stopped."

"Pray did he mention me?—anything about the messenger who was to pierce the Prussian lines?"

"What! has the man not arrived? It is two weeks since he left."

"The Uhlans have no doubt shot him—the assassins,—and drunk up my 25,000 francs—the thieves."

"I hope not. But in case of delay, Duplessis tells me I am to remit to you 2000 francs for your present wants. I will send them to you this evening."

"How the deuce do you possess such a sum."

"I came from Brittany with a purse

well filled. Of course I could have no scruples in accepting money from my destined father-in-law."

"And you can spare this sum?"

"Certainly—the State now provides for me; I am in command of a Breton company."

"True. Come and dine with me and De Brézé."

"Alas! I cannot. I have to see both the Vandemars before I return to the camp for the night. And now—hush—come this way (drawing Frederic further from De Brézé), I have famous news for you. A sortie on a grand scale is imminent: in a few days we may hope for it."

"I have heard that so often that I am incredulous."

"Take it as a fact now."

"What! Trochu has at last matured his plan?"

"He has changed its original design, which was to cut through the Prussian lines to Rouen, occupying there the richest country for supplies, guarding the left bank of the Seine and a watercourse to convoy them to Paris. The incidents of war prevented that: he has a better plan now. The victory of the Army of the Loire at Orleans opens a new enterprise. We shall cut our way through the Prussians, join that army, and with united forces fall on the enemy at the rear. Keep this a secret as yet, but rejoice with me that we shall prove to the invaders what men who fight for their native soil can do under the protection of Heaven."

"Fox, Fox, *mon chéri*," said Lemerrier, as he walked towards the *Café Riche* with De Brézé; "thou shalt have a *festin de Balthazar* under the protection of heaven."

#### CHAPTER XV.

ON leaving Lemerrier and De Brézé, Savarin regained the Boulevard, and pausing every now and then to exchange a few words with acquaintances—the acquaintances of the genial author were numerous—turned into the *quartier* Chaussee d'Antin, and gaining a small neat house, with a richly-ornamented *façade*, mounted very clean well-kept stairs to a third story. On one of the doors on the landing-place was nailed a card, inscribed, "Gustave Rameau, *homme de lettres*." Certainly it is not usual in Paris thus to *afficher* one's self as "a man of letters." But Genius scorns what is usual. Had not Victor Hugo left in the hotel-books on the Rhine his designation "*homme de lettres*"? Did not the

heir to one of the loftiest houses in the peerage of England, and who was also a first-rate amateur in painting, inscribe on his studio when in Italy, —, "*artiste*"? Such examples, no doubt, were familiar to Gustave Rameau, and "*homme de lettres*" was on the scrap of pastboard nailed to his door.

Savarin rang; the door opened, and Gustave appeared. The poet was, of course, picturesquely attired. In his day of fashion he had worn within doors a very pretty fanciful costume, designed after portraits of the young Raffaele; that costume he had preserved—he wore it now. It looked very threadbare, and the *pourpoint* very soiled. But the beauty of the poet's face had survived the lustre of the garments. True, thanks to abstinence, the cheeks had become somewhat puffy and bloated. Grey was distinctly visible in the long ebony tresses. But still the beauty of the face was of that rare type which a Thorwaldsen or a Gibson seeking a model for a Narcissus would have longed to fix into marble.

Gustave received his former chief with a certain air of reserved dignity; led him into his chamber, only divided by a curtain from his accommodation for washing and slumber, and placed him in an arm-chair beside a drowsy fire—fuel had already become very dear.

"Gustave," said Savarin, "are you in a mood favourable to a little serious talk?"

"Serious talk from M. Savarin is a novelty too great not to command my profoundest interest."

"Thank you,—and to begin: I who know the world and mankind advise you, who do not, never to meet a man who wishes to do you a kindness with an ungracious sarcasm. Irony is a weapon I ought to be skilled in, but weapons are used against enemies, and it is only a tyro who flourishes his rapier in the face of his friends."

"I was not aware that M. Savarin still permitted me to regard him as a friend."

"Because I discharged the duties of friend—remonstrated, advised, and warned. However, let bygones be bygones. I entreated you not to quit the safe shelter of the paternal roof. You insisted on doing so. I entreated you not to send to one of the most ferocious of the Red, or rather the Communistic journals, articles, very eloquent no doubt, but which would most seriously injure you in the eyes of quiet, orderly people, and compromise your future literary career for the sake of a temporary flash in the pan

during a very evanescent period of revolutionary excitement. You scorned my adjurations, but at all events you had the grace not to append your true name to those truculent effusions. In literature, if literature revive in France, we two are henceforth separated. But I do not forego the friendly interest I took in you in the days when you were so continually in my house. My wife, who liked you so cordially, implored me to look after you during her absence from Paris, and, *enfin*, *mon pauvre garçon*, it would grieve me very much if, when she comes back, I had to say to her, 'Gustave Rameau has thrown away the chance of redemption and of happiness which you deemed was secure to him.' *A l'œil malade, la lumière nuit.*"

So saying, he held out his hand kindly.

Gustave, who was far from deficient in affectionate or tender impulses, took the hand respectfully, and pressed it warmly.

"Forgive me if I have been ungracious, M. Savarin, and vouchsafe to hear my explanation."

"Willingly, *mon garçon*."

"When I became convalescent, well enough to leave my father's house, there were circumstances which compelled me to do so. A young man accustomed to the life of a *garçon* can't be always tied to his mother's apron-strings."

"Especially if the apron-pocket does not contain a bottle of absinthe," said Savarin, drily. "You may well colour and try to look angry; but I know that the doctor strictly forbade the use of that deadly *liqueur*, and enjoined your mother to keep strict watch on your liability to its temptations. And hence one cause of your *ennui* under the paternal roof. But if you could not imbibe absinthe, you were privileged to enjoy a much diviner intoxication. There you could have the foretaste of domestic bliss, — the society of the girl you loved, and who was pledged to become your wife. Speak frankly. Did not that society itself begin to be wearisome?"

"No," cried Gustave, eagerly, "it was not wearisome, but —"

"Yes, but —"

"But it could not be all-sufficing to a soul of fire like mine."

"Hem," murmured Savarin — "a soul of fire! This is very interesting; pray go on."

"The calm, cold, sister-like affection of a childish undeveloped nature, which knew no passion except for art, and was really so little emancipated from the nur-

tery as to take for serious truth all the old myths of religion — such companionship may be very soothing and pleasant when one is lying on one's sofa, and must live by rule, but when one regains the vigour of youth and health —"

"Do not pause," said Savarin, gazing with more compassion than envy on that melancholy impersonation of youth and health. "When one regains that vigour of which I myself have no recollection, what happens?"

"The thirst for excitement, the goads of ambition, the irresistible claims which the world urges upon genius, return."

"And that genius, finding itself at the North Pole amid Cimmerian darkness in the atmosphere of a childish intellect — in other words, the society of a pure-minded virgin, who, though a good romance-writer, writes nothing but what a virgin may read, and, though a *bel esprit*, says her prayers and goes to church — then genius — well, pardon my ignorance, — what does genius do?"

"Oh, M. Savarin, M. Savarin! don't let us talk any more. There is no sympathy between us. I cannot bear that bloodless, mocking, cynical mode of dealing with grand emotions, which belongs to the generation of the *Doctrinaires*. I am not a Thiers or a Guizot."

"Good heavens! who ever accused you of being either? I did not mean to be cynical. Mademoiselle Cicogna has often said I am, but I did not think you would. Pardon me. I quite agree with the philosopher who asserted that the wisdom of the past was imposture, that the meanest intellect now living is wiser than the greatest intellect which is buried in Père la Chaise; because the dwarf who follows the giant, when perched on the shoulders of the giant, sees farther than the giant ever could. *Allez*. I go in for your generation. I abandon Guizot and Thiers. Do condescend and explain to my dull understanding, as the inferior mortal of a former age, what are the grand emotions which impel a soul of fire in your wiser generation. The thirst of excitement — what excitement? The goads of ambition — what ambition?"

"A new social system is struggling from the dissolving elements of the old one, as, in the fables of priestcraft, the soul frees itself from the body which has become ripe for the grave. Of that new system I aspire to be a champion — a leader. Behold the excitement that allures me, the ambition that goads."

"Thank you," said Savarin, meekly;



"I am answered. I recognize the dwarf perched on the back of the giant. Quitting these lofty themes, I venture to address to you now one simple matter-of-fact question—How about Mademoiselle Cicogna? Do you think you can induce her to transplant herself to the new social system, which I presume will abolish, among other obsolete myths, the institution of marriage?"

"M. Savarin, your question offends me. Theoretically I am opposed to the existing superstitions that encumber the very simple principle by which may be united two persons so long as they desire the union, and separated so soon as the union becomes distasteful to either. But I am perfectly aware that such theories would revolt a young lady like Mademoiselle Cicogna. I have never even named them to her, and our engagement holds good."

"Engagement of marriage? No period for the ceremony fixed?"

"That is not my fault. I urged it on Isaura with all earnestness before I left my father's house."

"That was long after the siege had begun. Listen to me, Gustave. No persuasion of mine or my wife's, or Mrs. Morley's, could induce Isaura to quit Paris while it was yet time. She said very simply that having pledged her truth and hand to you, it would be treason to honour and duty if she should allow any considerations for herself to be even discussed so long as you needed her presence. You were then still suffering, and though convalescent, not without danger of a relapse. And your mother said to her—I heard the words—'Tis not for his bodily health I could dare to ask you to stay, when every man who can afford it is sending away his wife, sisters, daughters. As for that, I should suffice to tend him; but if you go, I resign all hope for the health of his mind and his soul.' I think at Paris there may be female poets and artists whom that sort of argument would not have much influenced. But it so happens that Isaura is not a *Parisienne*. She believes in those old myths which you think fatal to sympathies with yourself; and those old myths also lead her to believe that where a woman has promised she will devote her life to a man, she cannot forsake him when told by his mother that she is necessary to the health of his mind and his soul. Stay. Before you interrupt me, let me finish what I have to say. It appears that, so soon as your

bodily health was improved, you felt that your mind and your soul could take care of themselves; and certainly it seems to me that Isaura Cicogna is no longer of the smallest use to either."

Rameau was evidently much disconcerted by this speech. He saw what Savarin was driving at—the renunciation of all bond between Isaura and himself. He was not prepared for such renunciation. He still felt for the Italian as much of love as he could feel for any woman who did not kneel at his feet, as at those of Apollo condescending to the homage of Arcadian maids. But on the one hand, he felt that many circumstances had occurred since the disaster at Sedan to render Isaura a very much less desirable *partie* than she had been when he had first wrung from her the pledge of betrothal. In the palmy times of a Government in which literature and art commanded station and insured fortune, Isaura, whether as authoress or singer, was a brilliant marriage for Gustave Rameau. She had also then an assured and competent, if modest income. But when times change, people change with them. As for the income for the moment (and heaven only can say how long that moment might last), Isaura's income had disappeared. It will be recollected that Louvier had invested her whole fortune in the houses to be built in the street called after his name. No houses, even when built, paid any rent now. Louvier had quitted Paris; and Isaura could only be subsisting upon such small sum as she might have had in hand before the siege commenced. All career in such literature and art as Isaura adorned was at a dead stop. Now, to do Rameau justice, he was by no means an avaricious or mercenary man. But he yearned for modes of life to which money was essential. He liked his "comforts;" and his comforts included the luxuries of elegance and show—comforts not to be attained by marriage with Isaura under existing circumstances.

Nevertheless it is quite true that he had urged her to marry him at once, before he had quitted his father's house; and her modest shrinking from such proposal, however excellent the reasons for delay in the national calamities of the time as well as the poverty which the calamity threatened, had greatly wounded his *amour propre*. He had always felt that her affection for him was not love; and though he could reconcile himself to that conviction when many solid ad-

vantages were attached to the prize of her love, and when he was ill, and penitent, and maudlin, and the calm affection of a saint seemed to him infinitely preferable to the vehement passion of a sinner, — yet when Isaura was only Isaura by herself — Isaura *minus* all the *et cetera* which had previously been taken into account — the want of adoration for himself very much lessened her value.

Still, though he acquiesced in the delayed fulfilment of the engagement with Isaura, he had no thought of withdrawing from the engagement itself, and after a slight pause he replied: "You do me great injustice if you suppose that the occupations to which I devote myself render me less sensible to the merits of Mademoiselle Cicogna, or less eager for our union. On the contrary, I will confide to you — as a man of the world — one main reason why I quitted my father's house, and why I desire to keep my present address a secret. Mademoiselle Caumartin conceived for me a passion — a caprice — which was very flattering for the time, but which latterly became very troublesome. Figure to yourself — she daily came to our house while I was lying ill, and with the greatest difficulty my mother got her out of it. That was not all. She pestered me with letters containing all sorts of threats — nay, actually kept watch at the house; and one day when I entered the carriage with my mother and Signora Venosta for a drive in the Bois (meaning to call for Isaura by the way), she darted to the carriage-door, caught my hand, and would have made a scene if the coachman had given her leave to do so. Luckily he had the tact to whip on his horses, and we escaped. I had some little difficulty in convincing the Signora Venosta that the girl was crazed. But I felt the danger I incurred of her coming upon me some moment when in company with Isaura, and so I left my father's house; and naturally wishing to steer clear of this vehement little demon till I am safely married, I keep my address a secret from all who are likely to tell her of it."

"You do wisely if you are really afraid of her, and cannot trust your nerves to say to her plainly, 'I am engaged to be married; all is at an end between us. Do not force me to employ the police to protect myself from unwelcome importunities.'"

"Honestly speaking, I doubt if I have the nerve to do that, and I doubt still more if it would be of any avail. It is

very *ennuyant* to be so passionately loved; but, *que voulez vous?* It is my fate."

"Poor martyr! I condole with you: and to say truth, it was chiefly to warn you of Mademoiselle Caumartin's pertinacity that I call this evening."

Here Savarin related the particulars of his *rencontre* with Julie, and concluded by saying: "I suppose I may take your word of honour that you will firmly resist all temptation to renew a connection which would be so incompatible with the respect due to your *fiancée*? Fatherless and protectorless as Isaura is, I feel bound to act as a virtual guardian to one in whom my wife takes so deep an interest, and to whom, as she thinks she had some hand in bringing about your engagement, she is committed to no small responsibilities. Do not allow poor Julie, whom I sincerely pity, to force on me the unpleasant duty of warning your *fiancée* of the dangers to which she might be subjected by marriage with an Adonis whose fate it is to be so profoundly beloved by the sex in general, and ballet nymphs in particular."

"There is no chance of so disagreeable a duty being incumbent on you, M. Savarin. Of course, what I myself have told you in confidence is sacred."

"Certainly. There are things in the life of a *garçon* before marriage which would be an affront to the modesty of his *fiancée* to communicate and discuss. But then those things must belong exclusively to the past, and cast no shadow over the future. I will not interrupt you further. No doubt you have work for the night before you. Do the Red journalists for whom you write pay enough to support you in these terribly dear times?"

"Scarcely. But I look forward to wealth and fame in the future. And you?"

"I just escape starvation. If the siege last much longer, it is not of the gout I shall die. Good-night to you."

## CHAPTER XVI.

ISAURA had, as we have seen, been hitherto saved by the siege and its consequences from the fulfilment of her engagement to Gustave Rameau; and since he had quitted his father's house she had not only seen less of him, but a certain chill crept into his converse in the visits he paid to her. The compassionate feeling his illness had excited, confirmed by the unwonted gentleness of his mood,

and the short-lived remorse with which he spoke of his past faults and follies, necessarily faded away in proportion as he regained that kind of febrile strength which was his normal state of health, and with it the arrogant self-assertion which was ingrained in his character. But it was now more than ever that she became aware of the antagonism between all that constituted his inner life and her own. It was not that he volunteered in her presence the express utterance of those opinions, social or religious, which he addressed to the public in the truculent journal to which, under a *nom de plume*, he was the most inflammatory contributor. Whether it was that he shrank from insulting the ears of the pure virgin whom he had wooed as wife with avowals of his disdain of marriage bonds, or perhaps from shocking yet more her womanly humanity and her religious faith by cries for the blood of anti-republican traitors and the downfall of Christian altars; or whether he yet clung, though with relapsing affection, to the hold which her promise had imposed on him, and felt that that hold would be forever gone, and that she would recoil from his side in terror and dismay, if she once learned that the man who had implored her to be his saving angel from the comparatively mild errors of youth, had so belied his assurance, so mocked her credulity, as deliberately to enter into active warfare against all that he knew her sentiments regarded as noble and her conscience received as divine: despite the suppression of avowed doctrine on his part, the total want of sympathy between these antagonistic natures made itself felt by both—more promptly felt by Isaura. If Gustave did not frankly announce to her in that terrible time (when all that a little later broke out on the side of the Communists was more or less forcing ominous way to the lips of those who talked with confidence to each other, whether to approve or to condemn) the associates with whom he was leagued, the path to which he had committed his career,—still for her instincts for genuine Art—which for its development needs the serenity of peace, which for its ideal needs dreams that soar into the Infinite—Gustave had only the scornful sneer of the man who identifies with his ambition the violent upset of all that civilization has established in this world, and the blank negation of all that patient hope and heroic aspiration which humanity carries on into the next.

On his side, Gustave Rameau, who was not without certain fine and delicate attributes in a complicated nature over which the personal vanity and the mobile temperament of the Parisian reigned supreme, chafed at the restraints imposed on him. No matter what a man's doctrines may be—however abominable you and I may deem them—man desires to find in the dearest fellowship he can establish, that sympathy in the woman his choice singles out from her sex—deference to his opinions, sympathy with his objects, as man. So, too, Gustave's sense of honour—and according to his own Parisian code that sense was keen—became exquisitely stung by the thought that he was compelled to play the part of a mean dissimulator to the girl for whose opinions he had the profoundest contempt. How could these two, betrothed to each other, not feel, though without coming to open dissension, that between them had flowed the inlet of water by which they had been riven asunder? What man, if he can imagine himself a Gustave Rameau, can blame the revolutionist absorbed in ambitious projects for turning the pyramid of society topsy-turvy, if he shrank more and more from the companionship of a betrothed with whom he could not venture to exchange three words without caution and reserve? And what woman can blame an Isaura if she felt a sensation of relief at the very neglect of the affianced whom she had compassionated and could never love?

Possibly the reader may best judge of the state of Isaura's mind at this time by a few brief extracts from an imperfect fragmentary journal, in which, amid saddened and lonely hours, she held converse with herself.

"One day at Enghien I listened silently to a conversation between M. Savarin and the Englishman, who sought to explain the conception of duty in which the German poet has given such noble utterance to the thoughts of the German philosopher—viz, that moral aspiration has the same goal as the artistic,—the attainment to the calm delight wherein the pain of effort disappears in the content of achievement. Thus in life, as in art, it is through discipline that we arrive at freedom, and duty only completes itself when all motives, all actions, are attuned into one harmonious whole, and it is not striven for as duty, but enjoyed as happiness. M. Savarin treated this theory with the mockery with which the

French wit is ever apt to treat what it terms German mysticism. According to him, duty must always be a hard and difficult struggle; and he said laughingly, 'Whenever a man says, "I have done my duty," it is with a long face and a mournful sigh.'

"Ah, how devoutly I listened to the Englishman! how harshly the Frenchman's irony jarred upon my ears! And yet now, in the duty that life imposes on me, to fulfil which I strain every power vouchsafed to my nature, and seek to crush down every impulse that rebels, where is the promised calm, where any approach to the content of achievement? Contemplating the way before me, the Beautiful even of Art has vanished. I see but cloud and desert. Can this which I assume to be duty really be so? Ah, is it not sin even to ask my heart that question?

"Madame Rameau is very angry with her son for his neglect both of his parents and of me. I have had to take his part against her. I would not have him lose their love. Poor Gustave! But when Madame Rameau suddenly said to-day: 'I erred in seeking the union between thee and Gustave. Retract thy promise; in doing so thou wilt be justified,'—oh, the strange joy that flashed upon me as she spoke! Am I justified? Am I? Oh, if that Englishman had never crossed my path! Oh, if I had never loved! or if in the last time we met he had not asked for my love, and confessed his own! Then, I think, I could honestly reconcile my conscience with my longings, and say to Gustave, 'We do not suit each other; be we both released!' But now—is it that Gustave is really changed from what he was, when in despondence at my own lot, and in pitying belief that I might brighten and exalt his, I plighted my troth to him? or is it not rather that the choice I thus voluntarily made became so intolerable a thought the moment I knew I was beloved and sought by another; and from that moment I lost the strength I had before,—strength to silence the voice at my own heart? What! is it the image of that other one which is persuading me to be false?—to exaggerate the failings, to be blind to the merits of him who has a right to say, 'I am what I was when thou didst pledge thyself to take me for better or for worse'?

"Gustave has been here after an ab-

sence of several days. He was not alone. The good Abbé Vertpré and Madame de Vandemar with her son, M. Raoul, were present. They had come on matters connected with our ambulance. They do not know of my engagement to Gustave; and seeing him in the uniform of a National Guard, the Abbé courteously addressed to him some questions as to the possibility of checking the terrible increase of the vice of intoxication, so alien till of late to the habits of the Parisians, and becoming fatal to discipline and bodily endurance,—could the number of the *cantines* on the ramparts be more limited? Gustave answered with rudeness and bitter sarcasm, 'Before priests could be critics in military matters they must undertake military service themselves.'

"The Abbé replied with unalterable good-humour, 'But in order to criticise the effects of drunkenness, must one get drunk one's self?' Gustave was put out, and retired into a corner of the room, keeping sullen silence till my other visitors left.

"Then before I could myself express the pain his words and manner had given me, he said abruptly, 'I wonder how you can tolerate the *tartuferie* which may amuse on the comic stage, but in the tragedy of these times is revolting.' This speech roused my anger, and the conversation that ensued was the gravest that had ever passed between us.

"If Gustave were of stronger nature and more concentrated will, I believe that the only feelings I should have for him would be antipathy and dread. But it is his very weaknesses and inconsistencies that secure to him a certain tenderness of interest. I think he could never be judged without great indulgence by women; there is in him so much of the child,—wayward, irritating at one moment, and the next penitent, affectionate. One feels as if persistence in evil were impossible to one so delicate both in mind and form. That peculiar order of genius to which he belongs seems as if it ought to be so estranged from all directions violent or coarse. When in poetry he seeks to utter some audacious and defying sentiment, the substance melts away in daintiness of expression, in soft, lute-like strains of slender music. And when he has stung, angered, revolted my heart the most, suddenly he subsides into such pathetic gentleness, such tearful remorse, that I feel as if resentment to one so helpless,

desertion of one who must fall without the support of a friendly hand, were a selfish cruelty. It seems to me as if I were dragged towards a precipice by a sickly child clinging to my robe.

"But in this last conversation with him, his language in regard to subjects I hold most sacred drew forth from me words which startled him, and which *may* avail to save him from that worst insanity of human minds,—the mimicry of the Titans who would have dethroned a God to restore a Chaos. I told him frankly that I had only promised to share his fate, on my faith in his assurance of my power to guide it heavenward; and that if the opinions he announced were seriously entertained, and put forth in defiance of heaven itself, we were separated forever. I told him how earnestly, in the calamities of the time, my own soul had sought to take refuge in thoughts and hopes beyond the earth; and how deeply many a sentiment that in former days passed by me with a smile in the light talk of the *salons*, now shocked me as an outrage on the reverence which the mortal child owes to the Divine Father. I owned to him how much of comfort, of sustinment, of thought and aspiration, elevated beyond the sphere of Art in which I had hitherto sought the purest air, the loftiest goal, I owed to intercourse with minds like those of the Abbé de Vertpre; and how painfully I felt as if I were guilty of ingratitude when he compelled me to listen to insults on those whom I recognized as *benefactors*.

"I wished to speak sternly; but it is my great misfortune, my prevalent weakness, that I cannot be stern when I ought to be. It is with me in life as in art. I never could on the stage have taken the part of a Norma or a Medea. If I attempt in fiction a character which deserves condemnation, I am untrue to poetic justice. I cannot condemn and execute; I can but compassionate and pardon the creature I myself have created. I was never in the real world stern but to one; and then, alas! it was because I loved where I could no longer love with honour; and I, knowing my weakness, had terror lest I should yield.

"So Gustave did not comprehend from my voice, my manner, how gravely I was in earnest. But, himself softened, affected to tears, he confessed his own faults—ceased to argue in order to praise; and—and—uttering protestations seemingly the most sincere, he left

me bound to him still—bound to him still—woe is me!"

It is true that Isaura had come more directly under the influence of religion than she had been in the earlier dates of this narrative. There is a time in the lives of most of us, and especially in the lives of women, when, despondent of all joy in an earthly future, and tortured by conflicts between inclination and duty, we transfer all the passion and fervour of our troubled souls to enthusiastic yearnings for the Divine Love; seeking to rebaptize ourselves in the fountain of its mercy, taking thence the only hopes that can cheer, the only strength that can sustain us. Such a time had come to Isaura. Formerly she had escaped from the griefs of the work-day world into the garden-land of Art. Now, Art had grown unwelcome to her, almost hateful. Gone was the spell from the garden-land; its flowers were faded, its paths were stony, its sunshine had vanished in mist and rain. There are two voices of Nature in the soul of the genuine artist,—that is, of him who, because he can create, comprehends the necessity of the great Creator. Those voices are never both silent. When one is hushed, the other becomes distinctly audible. The one speaks to him of Art, the other of Religion.

At that period several societies for the relief and tendance of the wounded had been formed by the women of Paris,—the earliest, if I mistake not, by ladies of the highest rank—amongst whom were the Comtesse de Vandemar and the Contessa di Rimini—though it necessarily included others of station less elevated. To this society, at the request of Alain de Rochebriant and of Enguerrand, Isaura had eagerly attached herself. It occupied much of her time; and in connection with it she was brought much into sympathetic acquaintance with Raoul de Vandemar—the most zealous and active member of that society of St. François de Sales, to which belonged other young nobles of the Legitimist creed. The passion of Raoul's life was the relief of human suffering. In him was personified the ideal of Christian charity. I think all, or most of us, have known what it is to pass under the influence of a nature that is so far akin to ours that it desires to become something better and higher than it is—that desire being paramount in ourselves—but seeks to be that something in ways not akin to, but remote from, the ways in which we



seek it. When this contact happens, either one nature, by the mere force of will, subjugates and absorbs the other, or both, while preserving their own individuality, apart and independent, enrich themselves by mutual interchange; and the asperities which differences of taste and sentiment in detail might otherwise provoke melt in the sympathy which unites spirits striving with equal earnestness to rise nearer to the unseen and unattainable Source, which they equally recognize as Divine.

Perhaps, had these two persons met a year ago in the ordinary intercourse of the world, neither would have detected the sympathy of which I speak. Raoul was not without the prejudice against artists and writers of romance, that are shared by many who cherish the persuasion that all is vanity which does not concentrate imagination and intellect in the destinies of the soul hereafter; and Isaura might have excited his compassion, certainly not his reverence. While to her, his views on all that seeks to render the actual life attractive and embellished, through the accomplishments of Muse and Grace, would have seemed the narrow-minded asceticism of a bigot. But now, amid the direful calamities of the time, the beauty of both natures became visible to each. To the eyes of Isaura, tenderness became predominant in the monastic self-denial of Raoul. To the eyes of Raoul, devotion became predominant in the gentle thoughtfulness of Isaura. Their intercourse was in ambulance and hospital—in care for the wounded, in prayer for the dying. Ah! it is easy to declaim against the frivolities and vices of Parisian society as it appears on the surface; and, in revolutionary times, it is the very worst of Paris that ascends in scum to the top. But descend below the surface, even in that demoralizing suspense of order, and nowhere on earth might the angel have beheld the image of humanity more amply vindicating its claim to the heritage of heaven.

#### CHAPTER XVII.

THE warning announcement of some great effort on the part of the besieged, which Alain had given to Lemercier, was soon to be fulfilled.

For some days the principal thoroughfares were ominously lined with military convois. The loungers on the Boulevards stopped to gaze on the long defiles of troops and cannon, commissariat con-

veyances, and, saddening accompaniments! the vehicles of various ambulances for the removal of the wounded. With what glee the loungers said to each other, "*Enfin!*" Among all the troops that Paris sent forth, none were so popular as those which Paris had not nurtured—the sailors. From the moment they arrived, the sailors had been the pets of the capital. They soon proved themselves the most notable contrast to that force which Paris herself had produced—the National Guard. Their frames were hardy, their habits active, their discipline perfect, their manners mild and polite. "Oh, if all our troops were like these!" was the common exclamation of the Parisians.

At last burst forth upon Paris the proclamations of General Trochu and General Ducrot; the first brief, calm, and Breton-like, ending with "Putting our trust in God. March on for our country:" the second more detailed, more candidly stating obstacles and difficulties, but fiery with eloquent enthusiasm, not unsupported by military statistics, in the 400 cannon, two-thirds of which were of the largest calibre, that no material object could resist; more than 150,000 soldiers, all well armed, well equipped, abundantly provided with munitions, and all (*Œn ai l'espoir*) animated by an irresistible ardour. "For me," concludes the General, "I am resolved. I swear before you, before the whole nation, that I will not re-enter Paris except as dead or victorious."

At these proclamations, who then at Paris does not recall the burst of enthusiasm that stirred the surface? Trochu became once more popular; even the Communistic or atheistic journals refrained from complaining that he attended mass, and invited his countrymen to trust in a God. Ducrot was more than popular—he was adored.

The several companies in which De Mauléon and Enguerrand served departed towards their post early on the same morning, that of the 28th. All the previous night, while Enguerrand was buried in profound slumber, Raoul remained in his brother's room; sometimes on his knees before the ivory crucifix, which had been their mother's last birthday gift to her youngest son—sometimes seated beside the bed in profound and devout meditation. At daybreak, Madame de Vandemar stole into the chamber. Unconscious of his brother's watch, he had asked her to wake him in good time, for the young

man was a sound sleeper. Shading the candle she bore with one hand, with the other she drew aside the curtain, and looked at Enguerrand's calm, fair face, its lips parted in the happy smile which seemed to carry joy with it wherever its sunshine played. Her tears fell noiselessly on her darling's cheek; she then knelt down and prayed for strength. As she rose, she felt Raoul's arm around her; they looked at each other in silence; then she bowed her head, and awakened Enguerrand with her lips. "*Pas de querelle, mes amis,*" he murmured, opening his sweet blue eyes drowsily. "Ah, it was a dream! I thought Jules and Emile [two young friends of his] were worrying each other; and you know, dear Raoul, that I am the most officious of peacemakers. Time to rise, is it? •No peacemaking to-day. Kiss me again, mother, and say 'Bless thee.'"

"Bless thee, bless thee, my child," cried the mother, wrapping her arms passionately round him, and in tones choked with sobs.

"Now leave me, *maman*," said Enguerrand, resorting to the infantine ordinary name, which he had not used for years. "Raoul, stay and help me to dress. I must be *très beau* to-day. I shall join thee at breakfast, *maman*. Early for such repast, but *Pappétit vient en mangeant*. Mind the coffee is hot."

Enguerrand, always careful of each detail of dress, was especially so that morning, and especially gay, humming the old air, "Partant pour la Syrie." But his gaiety was checked when Raoul, taking from his breast a holy talisman, which he habitually wore there, suspended it with loving hands round his brother's neck. It was a small crystal set in Byzantine filigree; imbedded in it was a small splinter of wood, said, by pious tradition, to be a relic of the Divine Cross. It had been for centuries in the family of the Contessa di Rimini, and was given by her to Raoul, the only gift she had ever made him, as an emblem of the sinless purity of the affection that united those two souls in the bonds of the beautiful belief.

"She bade me transfer it to thee to-day, my brother," said Raoul, simply; "and now without a pang I can gird on thee thy soldier's sword."

Enguerrand clasped his brother in his arms, and kissed him with passionate fervour. "Oh, Raoul! how I love thee! how good thou hast ever been to me! how many sins thou hast saved me from! how indulgent thou hast been to those from

which thou couldst not save! Think on that, my brother, in case we do not meet again on earth."

"Hush, hush, Enguerrand! No gloomy forebodings now! Come, come hither, my half of life, my sunny half of life!" and uttering these words, he led Enguerrand towards the crucifix, and there, in deeper and more solemn voice, said, "Let us pray." So the brothers knelt side by side, and Raoul prayed aloud as only such souls can pray.

When they descended into the *salon* where breakfast was set out, they found assembled several of their relations, and some of Enguerrand's young friends not engaged in the *sortie*. One or two of the latter, indeed, were disabled from fighting by wounds in former fields; they left their sick-beds to bid him good-bye. Un-speakable was the affection this genial nature inspired in all who came into the circle of its winning magic; and when, tearing himself from them, he descended the stair, and passed with light step through the *porte cochère*, there was a crowd around the house—so widely had his popularity spread among even the lower classes, from which the *Mobiles* in his regiment were chiefly composed. He departed to the place of rendezvous amid a chorus of exhilarating cheers.

Not thus lovingly tended on, not thus cordially greeted, was that equal idol of a former generation, Victor de Mauléon. No pious friend prayed beside his couch, no loving kiss waked him from his slumbers. At the gray of the November dawn he rose from a sleep which had no smiling dreams, with that mysterious instinct of punctual will which cannot even go to sleep without fixing beforehand the exact moment in which sleep shall end. He, too, like Enguerrand, dressed himself with care—unlike Enguerrand, with care strictly soldier-like. Then, seeing he had some little time yet before him, he rapidly revisited pigeon-holes and drawers, in which might be found by prying eyes anything he would deny to their curiosity. All that he found of this sort were some letters in female handwriting, tied together with faded ribbon, relics of earlier days, and treasured throughout later vicissitudes; letters from the English girl to whom he had briefly referred in his confession to Louvier,—the only girl he had ever wooed as his wife. She was the only daughter of high-born Roman Catholics, residing at the time of his youth in Paris. Reluctantly they had assented to his proposals; joyfully they had retracted their

assent when his affairs had become so involved; yet possibly the motive that led him to his most ruinous excesses—the gambling of the turf—had been caused by the wild hope of a nature, then fatally sanguine, to retrieve the fortune that might suffice to satisfy the parents. But during his permitted courtship the lovers had corresponded. Her letters were full of warm, if innocent tenderness—till came the last cold farewell. The family had long ago returned to England; he concluded, of course, that she had married another.

Near to these letters lay the papers which had served to vindicate his honour in that old affair, in which the unsought love of another had brought on him shame and affliction. As his eye fell on the last, he muttered to himself, “I kept *these*, to clear my repute. Can I keep *those*, when, if found, they might compromise the repute of her who might have been my wife had I been worthy of her? She is doubtless now another’s; or, if dead,—honour never dies.” He pressed his lips to the letters with a passionate, lingering, mournful kiss; then, raking up the ashes of yesterday’s fire, and rekindling them, he placed thereon those leaves of a melancholy romance in his past, and watched them slowly, reluctantly, smoulder away into tinder. Then he opened a drawer in which lay the only paper of a political character which he had preserved. All that related to plots or conspiracies in which his agency had committed others, it was his habit to destroy as soon as received. For the sole document thus treasured he alone was responsible; it was an outline of his ideal for the future constitution of France, accompanied with elaborate arguments, the heads of which his conversation with the Incognito made known to the reader. Of the soundness of this political programme, whatever its merits or faults (a question on which I presume no judgment), he had an intense conviction. He glanced rapidly over its contents, did not alter a word, sealed it up in an envelope inscribed, “My Legacy to my Countrymen.” The papers refuting a calumny relating solely to himself he carried into the battle-field, placed next to his heart,—significant of a Frenchman’s love of honour in this world—as the relic placed round the neck of Enguerrand by his pious brother was emblematic of the Christian hope of mercy in the next.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

THE streets swarmed with the populace gazing on the troops as they passed to their destination. Among those of the Mobiles who especially caught the eye were two companies in which Enguerrand de Vandemar and Victor de Mauléon commanded. In the first were many young men of good family, or in the higher ranks of the *bourgeoisie*, known to numerous lookers on; there was something inspiring in their gay aspects, and in the easy carelessness of their march. Mixed with this company, however, and forming of course the bulk of it, were those who belonged to the lower classes of the population; and though they too might seem gay to an ordinary observer, the gaiety was forced. Many of them were evidently not quite sober; and there was a disorderly want of soldiership in their mien and armament which inspired distrust among such *vieux moustaches* as, too old for other service than that of the ramparts, mixed here and there among the crowd.

But when De Mauléon’s company passed the *vieux moustaches* impulsively touched each other. They recognized the march of well-drilled men; the countenances grave and severe, the eyes not looking on this side and that for admiration, the step regularly timed; and conspicuous among these men the tall stature and calm front of the leader.

“These fellows will fight well,” growled a *vieux moustache*: “where did they fish out their leader?”

“Don’t you know?” said a *bourgeois*. “Victor de Mauléon. He won the cross in Algeria for bravery. I recollect him when I was very young; the very devil for women and fighting.”

“I wish there were more such devils for fighting and fewer for women,” growled again the *vieux moustache*.

One incessant roar of cannon all the night of the 29th. The populace had learned the names of the French cannons, and fancied they could distinguish the several sounds of their thunder. “There spits ‘Josephine!’” shouts an invalid sailor. “There howls our own ‘Populace!’” \* cries a Red Republican from Belleville. “There sings ‘Le Châtiment!’” laughed Gustave Rameau, who was now become an enthusiastic admirer of the Victor Hugo he had before affected

\* The “Populace” had been contributed to the artillery, *sou à sou*, by the working class.

to despise. And all the while, mingled with the roar of the cannon, came, far and near, from the streets, from the ramparts, the gusts of song—song sometimes heroic, sometimes obscene, more often carelessly joyous. The news of General Vinoy's success during the early part of the day had been damped by the evening report of Ducrot's delay in crossing the swollen Marne. But the spirits of the Parisians rallied from a momentary depression on the excitement at night of that concert of martial music.

During that night, close under the guns of the double redoubt of Gravelle and La Faisanderie, eight pontoon-bridges were thrown over the Marne; and at daybreak the first column of the third army under Blanchard and Renoult crossed with all their artillery, and covered by the fire of the double redoubts of the forts of Vincennes, Nogent, Rossney, and the batteries of Mont Avron, had an hour before noon carried the village of Champigny, and the first *échelon* of the important plateau of Villiers, and were already commencing the work of intrenchment, when, rallying from the amaze of a defeat, the German forces burst upon them, sustained by fresh batteries. The Prussian pieces of artillery established at Chennevières and at Neuilly opened fire with deadly execution; while a numerous infantry, descending from the intrenchments of Villiers, charged upon the troops under Renoult. Among the French in that strife were Enguerrand and the Mobiles of which he was in command. Dismayed by the unexpected fire, these Mobiles gave way, as indeed did many of the line. Enguerrand rushed forward to the front—"On, *mes enfans*, on! What will our mothers and wives say of us if we fly? *Vive la France!*—On!" Among those of the better class in that company there rose a shout of applause, but it found no sympathy among the rest. They wavered, they turned. "Will you suffer me to go on alone, countrymen?" cried Enguerrand; and alone he rushed on toward the Prussian line,—rushed, and fell, mortally wounded by a musket-ball. "Revenge, revenge!" shouted some of the foremost; "Revenge!" shouted those in the rear; and, so shouting, turned on their heels and fled. But ere they could disperse they encountered the march, steadfast though rapid, of the troop led by Victor de Mauléon. "Poltroons!" he thundered, with the sonorous depth of his strong voice, "halt and turn, or my men shall fire on you as deserters." "*Va,*

*citoyen*," said one fugitive, an officer—popularly elected, because he was the loudest brawler in the club of the Salle Favre,—we have seen him before—Charles, the brother of Armand Monnier;—"men can't fight when they despise their generals. It is our generals who are poltroons and fools both."

"Carry my answer to the ghosts of cowards," cried De Mauléon, and shot the man dead.

His followers, startled and cowed by the deed, and the voice and the look of the death-giver, halted. The officers, who had at first yielded to the panic of their men, took fresh courage, and finally led the bulk of the troop back to their post "*enlevés à la baïonnette*," to use the phrase of a candid historian of that day.

Day, on the whole, not inglorious to France. It was the first, if it was the last, really important success of the besieged. They remained masters of the ground, the Prussians leaving to them the wounded and the dead.

That night what crowds thronged from Paris to the top of the Montmartre heights, from the observatory on which the celebrated inventor Bazin had lighted up, with some magical electric machine all the plain of Gennevilliers from Mont Valérien to the Fort de la Briche! The splendour of the blaze wrapped the great city;—distinctly above the roofs of the houses soared the Dôme des Invalides, the spires of Notre Dame, the giant turrets of the Tuileries;—and died away on resting on the *infames scapulos Acroceraunia*, the "thunder crags" of the heights occupied by the invading army.

Lemer cier, De Brézé, and the elder Rameau—who, despite his peaceful habits and grey hairs, insisted on joining in the aid of *la patrie*—were among the National Guards attached to the Fort de la Briche and the neighbouring eminence, and they met in conversation.

"What a victory we have had!" said the old Rameau.

"Rather mortifying to your son, M. Rameau," said Lemer cier.

"Mortifying to my son, sir!—the victory of his countrymen. What do you mean?"

"I had the honour to hear M. Gustave the other night at the club de la *Vengeance*."

"*Bon Dieu!* do you frequent those tragic reunions?" asked De Brézé.

"They are not at all tragic: they are the only comedies left us, as one must amuse one's self somewhere, and the club

*de la Vengeance* is the prettiest thing of the sort going. I quite understand why it should fascinate a poet like your son, M. Rameau. It is held in a *salle de café chantant*—style *Louis Quinze*—decorated with a pastoral scene from Watteau. I and my dog Fox drop in. We hear your son haranguing. In what poetical sentences he despaired of the republic! The Government (he called them *les charlatans de l'Hôtel de Ville*) were imbeciles. They pretended to inaugurate a revolution, and did not employ the most obvious of revolutionary means. There Fox and I pricked up our ears: what were those means? Your son proceeded to explain: 'All mankind were to be appealed to against individual interests. The commerce of luxury was to be abolished: clearly luxury was not at the command of all mankind. *Cafés* and theatres were to be closed forever—all mankind could not go to *cafés* and theatres. It was idle to expect the masses to combine for anything in which the masses had not an interest in common. The masses had no interest in any property that did not belong to the masses. Programmes of the society to be founded, called the *Ligue Cosmopolite Démocratique*, should be sent at once into all the States of the civilized world—how? by balloons. Money corrupts the world as now composed: but the money at the command of the masses could buy all the monarchs and courtiers and priests of the universe.' At that sentiment, vehemently delivered, the applause was frantic, and Fox in his excitement began to bark. At the sound of his bark one man cried out, 'That's a Prussian!' another, 'Down with the spy!' another, 'There's an *aristo*' present—he keeps alive a dog which would be a week's meal for a family!' I snatch up Fox at the last cry, and clasp him to a bosom which is protected by the uniform of the National Guard.

"When the hubbub had subsided, your son, M. Rameau, proceeded, quitting mankind in general, and arriving at the question in particular most interesting to his audience—the mobilization of the National Guard; that is, the call upon men who like talking and hate fighting to talk less and fight more. 'It was the sheerest tyranny to select a certain number of free citizens to be butchered. If the fight was for the mass, there ought to be *la levée en masse*. If one did not compel everybody to fight, why should anybody fight?' Here the applause

again became vehement, and Fox again became indiscreet. I subdued Fox's bark into a squeak by pulling his ears. 'What!' cries your poet-son, '*la levée en masse* gives us fifteen millions of soldiers with which we could crush, not Prussia alone, but the whole of Europe (Immense sensation.) Let us, then, resolve that the charlatans of the *Hôtel de Ville* are incapable of delivering us from the Prussians; that they are deposed; that the *Ligue* of the *Démocratie Cosmopolite* is installed; that meanwhile the Commune shall be voted the Provisional Government, and shall order the Prussians to retire within three days from the soil of Paris.'

"Pardon me this long description, my dear M. Rameau; but I trust I have satisfactorily explained why victory obtained in the teeth of his eloquent opinions, if gratifying to him as a Frenchman, must be mortifying to him as a politician."

The old Rameau sighed, hung his head, and crept away.

While, amid this holiday illumination, the Parisians enjoyed the panorama before them, the *Frères Chrétiens* and the attendants of the various ambulances were moving along the battle-plains; the first in their large-brimmed hats and sable garbs, the last in strange motley costume, many of them in glittering uniform—all alike in their serene indifference to danger; often pausing to pick up among the dead their own brethren who had been slaughtered in the midst of their task. Now and then they came on sinister forms apparently engaged in the same duty of tending the wounded and dead, but in truth murderous plunderers, to whom the dead and the dying were equal harvests. Did the wounded man attempt to resist the foul hands searching for their spoil, they added another wound more immediately mortal, grinning as they completed on the dead the robbery they had commenced on the dying.

Raoul de Vandemar had been all the earlier part of the day with the assistants of the ambulance over which he presided, attached to the battalions of the National Guard in a quarter remote from that in which his brother had fought and fallen. When those troops, later in the day, were driven from the Montmedy plateau, which they had at first carried, Raoul repassed towards the plateau at Villiers, on which the dead lay thickest. On the way he heard a vague report of the panic which had dispersed the Mobiles of whom Enguerrand was in command, and



of Enguerrand's vain attempt to inspirit them. But his fate was not known.

There, at midnight, Raoul is still searching among the ghastly heaps and pools of blood, lighted from afar by the blaze from the observatory of Montmartre, and more near at hand by the bivouac fires extended along the banks to the left of the Marne, while everywhere about the field flitted the lanterns of the *Frères Chrétiens*. Suddenly, in the dimness of a spot cast into shadow by an incomplected earthwork, he observed a small sinister figure perched on the breast of some wounded soldier, evidently not to succour. He sprang forward and seized a hideous-looking urchin, scarcely twelve years old, who held in one hand a small crystal locket, set in filigree gold, torn from the soldier's breast, and lifted high in the other a long case-knife. At a glance Raoul recognized the holy relic he had given to Enguerrand, and, flinging the precocious murderer to be seized by his assistants, he cast himself beside his brother. Enguerrand still breathed, and his languid eyes brightened as he knew the dear familiar face. He tried to speak, but his voice failed, and he shook his head sadly, but still with a faint smile on his lips. They lifted him tenderly, and placed him on a litter. The movement, gentle as it was, brought back pain, and with the pain strength to mutter, "My mother—I would see her once more."

As at daybreak the loungers on Montmartre and the ramparts descended into the streets—most windows in which were open, as they had been all night, with anxious female faces peering palely down—they saw the conveyances of the ambulances coming dismally along, and many an eye turned wistfully towards the litter on which lay the idol of the pleasure-loving Paris, with the dark bare-headed figures walking beside it,—onwards, onwards, till it reached the Hôtel de Vandemar, and a woman's cry was heard at the entrance—the mother's cry, "My son! my son!"

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From Fraser's Magazine.

#### GRAVELOTTE REVISITED.

"COME and see us again, monsieur. Come and see us in happier times. We will sit beside the Moselle and sip our coffee; and when these miserable scenes

have passed away, you will say that there is no more beautiful town than ours."

These words were spoken to me a little over three years ago at Pont-à-Mousson, by a tradesman of that place. For a week I had been staying there with the German armies, but the keen eyes of the French inhabitants did not fail to detach from the great mass of soldiery constantly filing and passing through the place any one who wore no uniform or other badge of hostility. One day this tradesman had said to me, "You seem, sir, to belong to some other country." I explained to him that I was there as a neutral to write the history of what I should see. "Ah," he replied, "it may be well we should know this. Any little turn of affairs might bring about some wild scenes in Pont-à-Mousson, and if any riot should occur you had better come to my house, and my wife and I will see that you are safe." After this hint I watched every sign in the town, and on the day before the battle of Gravelotte observed that an enormous number of peasants from the surrounding country crowded into the place. I learned certainly, also, that this gathering was by concert, and that it was the intention of these people in case there should be a defeat and retreat of the Germans from the impending struggles near Metz to attack them furiously.

The French people, on the wayside of our march in those days, appeared to me almost affectionate to any stranger not their enemy. The Germans swarmed into their houses and shops with demands that had to be met, the payments being generally made according to the purchaser's ideas of value, and in forms determined by himself. At a time when very little could be got to eat, I had gained the friendship of my tradesman by the simple device of paying him half-a-franc more for a box of sardines than he had demanded. And by investing a few francs in this way—the inhabitants were beyond caring much for the francs, but pathetically eager to detect any consideration for their condition—I managed to secure several warm farewells like that already mentioned, with invitations to call if destiny should ever bring me that way in happier times.

These invitations and the sad faces of those who gave them I could not forget, and when the news came that the Germans had left those regions, the longing to return thither was irresistible. The country where I had witnessed such

strange and terrible scenes reappeared in visions of the night, and drew me as by fascination. So again I found myself on the old track, pacing the familiar streets of villages, pausing at this point and that where Memory had raised her own monuments to good deeds done or agonies endured.

How changed now was the most brilliant of the provincial towns of France—Nancy! I had been there just after the Emperor had advanced to the front. Fresh from Paris, and from witnessing splendid victories won on theatre-boards to the music of the "Marseillaise"—sung on one occasion by M. Faure, with a troop of real soldiers on the stage—I found Nancy, the once gay and happy, gloomy as a sepulchre. Her young men had nearly all gone off to the war, and the windows of the houses were closed, the streets deserted, so that I could rarely hear any other sound than the echo of my own step on the pavement with occasionally the distant singing of soldiers at the railway station on their way to Strasburg. One gentleman I met, and it was almost a novelty—the human population being apparently only a few women moving noiselessly and hurriedly through the streets on their several errands. With this gentleman I entered into conversation, and recall the earnestness with which he said, "Sad as we are, knowing that many of our friends who have gone to the war can never return, we are not doubtful about the result. The mitrailleuse, sir, the mitrailleuse will settle the matter very speedily. The Germans have no conception of the weapon they are about to encounter; they will—they must—retire before it at every point." And now, three years later, I sought for the same gentleman, but he could not be found. But the place was as merry as if war had never scathed its population. Indeed, before I reached it its songs of joy at being delivered from German occupation were heard. On the train coming from Metz, there had been silence until we reached the little village of Passy, when a youth cried out, "See, there's a French gendarme! We're on the soil of France!" Then all began singing and breaking out into fits of laughter, pausing only to curse the Germans. In a few moments, however, some of these curses were distributed to the French officials, who had not only instituted a rigorous search into the luggage, but had demanded passports, and even annoyed and delayed several persons

unprovided with them. There was much amusement at the wit of one lady in our company, who, when asked if she had "anything to declare," indignantly exclaimed, "Yes, I declare that you have crushed my new bonnet." It was now—the first vent of patriotism being over—freely charged that the gendarmerie and customs-officers were merely trying to show their authority on the new frontier as ostentatiously as possible.

But when the hour's delay at this little village was over, the disagreeable features of it were quickly forgotten, and the songs broke forth once more, to continue until we passed into the station at Nancy. Yet merry as the town was—the tread of its departing masters just out of hearing—and happy as the groups in the great square appeared—sipping their ices or coffee in front of the restaurants, amid no sounds less pleasing than the plash of the beautiful fountains at its corners, and music wafted from illuminated windows—one mingled with them only to perceive that a deep resentment towards Germany was uppermost in their minds. Every other word was "Alsace" or "Strasburg," whose enforced alienation far more than that of Lorraine seemed to be the affliction which the Nanceois could not forget for a moment. "From this time forth we will think of but one thing—how to get Alsace back. Get it we certainly will!" These words, which I heard from one who appeared to be an official, expressed what seemed to be the common sentiment. The windows of the newspaper shops were fairly obscured by the ballads and songs about Alsace, which were advertised as being sung nightly at the music halls, and every morning seemed to add a new one. One of these entitled "Alsace, Adieu!" begins thus:

Gai séjour où je pris naissance,  
Berceau de ma paisible enfance,  
Lieu où jusqu'à son dernier jour  
Ma mère me combla d'amour!  
Depuis qu'hélas, j'ai vu mon père  
Tomber victime de la guerre,  
Vous n'étiez plus que des débris;  
J'ai tout perdu—parents, amis!  
Pauvre orphelin, du sol qui m'a vu naître  
Je pars tout seul, à la grâce de Dieu;  
Dans mon pays l'étranger règne maître.  
Alsace, adieu! Alsace adieu!

Another piece runs as follows:

C'en est fait! la victoire  
Leur a livré notre pays,  
Et deux siècles de gloire  
Y sont ensevelis,

Ils ont volé l'Alsace,  
 L'Alsace, ta fidèle enfant,  
 Vil troupeau que l'on chasse,  
 Courbe-toi devant l'Allemand !  
 Adieu ! adieu ! ma belle France !  
 Adieu ! adieu ! je t'aimerai toujours !  
 Pour de plus heureux jours  
 Je garde l'espérance !

I tried hard to discover, in the songs or in conversations, some reflections, on the part of the inhabitants, upon the shortcomings of France mingled with this animosity towards the nation whose legions they had drawn upon themselves, or some clear perception of the dangers menacing it from within, but could find none. Nancy is a manufacturing place, and its only thought about home-affairs seemed to be how to restore its injured fortunes. All I met seemed to have a blind faith in MacMahon; and when mention was made of M. Thiers, there was a shrug, and the remark, "We owe M. Thiers a great debt certainly, but he was steadily delivering us over to Gambetta and the Radicals." To say that those who spoke thus were Conservatives would hardly be using a term sufficiently exact for English readers. Nearly everyone deeply interested in Politics in France seemed to me to be in a revolutionary frame of mind, and none more so than the reactionists. It appeared to be the only question between the Radicals and their antagonists whether there should be a violent, or at least sudden, stroke to recover an old order or establish a new one. And few that I conversed with seemed to think that the political crisis could end without a physical collision between the political parties. "We seem to be very submissive just now," said a gray-haired Radical. "We know very well that Germany is watching us. It has one foot on our soil yet, and could easily bring her whole body back again. But just wait until Verdun is free also, and the last German soldier has left French soil, and then see what we shall do with these intriguers at Versailles ! We shall kick them out, sir ; we shall kick them out ! If we attempted it now, these scoundrels would not hesitate to accept German aid to crush us down."

This was said at Pont-à-Mousson ; and here I found a very different feeling prevalent from that which seemed to reign at Nancy. Here the Radicals were speaking out boldly, and Gambetta's name was a safe one to talk about without a shudder. At this place, also, the feeling towards the Germans appeared

notably different from that felt at Nancy, and much more favourable. It was evident that Pont-à-Mousson had at one time looked forward to the probability of its being included on the German side of the new frontier. The Moselle runs straight through the town, and it had been almost a proverb among the Germans that the Moselle is the natural boundary of France. Moreover, close to Pont-à-Mousson is the highest hill of the district, crowned with the ruins of the Château Mousson, which one would have thought almost as important as a strategic point or for a fortification as St. Quentin itself. It was on that height that the German generals took their stand to watch the passage of Steinmetz across the Moselle just above Metz. This beautiful hill, commanding the whole district, and from which Metz itself is plainly visible, had in times of peace been the glory of Pont-à-Mousson, but latterly they had wished it transferred to the depths of the sea, so certain did it seem that the Germans would retain it. To their surprise and delight the Germans ran their new frontier several miles to the eastward of it, and no doubt thereby left a deep feeling of gratitude in the breasts of the inhabitants. It is also probable that in designating the line of separation, the Germans had taken into consideration the good order and good nature displayed at this point during the three years of occupation.

I read on the walls, where it had been freshly placed, the following proclamation by the mayor of the town :

DEAR FELLOW-CITIZENS, —

To-morrow the occupation of our town will cease, and the evacuation will be an accomplished fact.

It is needless to appeal to your sentiments of prudence and patriotism : we have confidence that up to the last moment you will remain, as you have during three years, resigned and calm, brave and dignified.

To-morrow we recover possession of our streets and our monuments, and of ourselves ; to-morrow we are free ; to-morrow the foot of foreign occupation and its rigours ceases to press upon us.

The national colours are about to re-appear among us : the advance columns of French troops are already marching ; they approach. Let our joy at the arrival of our soldiers, and our legitimate demonstrations, respect the traditions of discipline and obedience which make the power of our arms.

In the great day of patriotic emotions, let us not forget, dear citizens, Verdun, which remains in the hands of our conquerors, the

pawn of our engagements and the guarantee of our word; and let us consider, above all, that beyond the new frontier, a few kilometres from us, beat hearts remaining French despite our misfortunes, and that their sorrows are also ours.

Le Maire, MUNIER.

I well remembered this M. Munier, who had been the Mayor of Pont-à-Mousson during the trying times of the war. His bent form, and pale, haggard face, could only be looked on with sympathy, as in those days he used to pace the streets of which he was no longer master, and slip heavily into the town-hall, where the victorious foreigners had their headquarters, and demanded his presence for consultation concerning the order of the town they were using as a basis for further advances into the heart of France. In that same hall I found him now, seated in a room tapestried with scenes representing the ancient glory of France, his face no longer pale, but beaming with satisfaction, and his form erect and handsome. In conversation he said that the German occupation of Pont-à-Mousson during the three years past had in nowise been burdensome and oppressive to the citizens, beyond the natural humiliation to their patriotic sentiment of being continually surrounded by the signs of their defeat. Nancy had been held by about ten thousand German soldiers, and Pont-à-Mousson by a much smaller number. The infantry they had been entertaining were, indeed, somewhat rough, but honest, and always paid fairly for what they received; but the cavalry—Hanoverians—were perfect gentlemen, and had in every instance behaved with scrupulous delicacy towards the citizens. During the three years there had never been a serious case of disorder or collision. In one or two cases German soldiers had struck Frenchmen, but in every case they had been severely brought to account by their officers; and he was happy to say that in no single instance had it ever appeared on investigation that any one of their citizens had committed an offensive act against the Germans. And when the Germans left the place a day or two before, though there had been demonstrations of joy, and the town was decorated with flags, there had, he declared, been no instance of disorder, and the police had not made a single arrest. The letter which General Manteuffel had sent him, congratulating him on the termination of the occupation, and on the order that had signalized its duration in that town, was

by no means formal and complimentary, but accurately represented the facts.

I availed myself of this opportunity to question the mayor concerning a phrase in one of his proclamations which appeared when the German army was first entering the town, and which had excited a great deal of speculation ending in certain rumours of a very unpleasant kind. In the proclamation to which I referred, and which every German stopped to read, the mayor called upon his fellow-citizens to be calm, to recognize how vain and dangerous would be any irregular resistance to the powerful armies taking possession of the town, and hoping that a certain "deplorable incident" which had occurred might not be repeated. In vain did the German officers ask what that "deplorable incident" was. No citizen of the town knew anything about it. The evidently studied reticence of each one concerning the matter had only added to the curiosity of the enquirers, and in the end led to the discovery, universally circulated among the troops, that a considerable batch of German prisoners who had been brought wounded into Pont-à-Mousson had all been deliberately murdered. I now ascertained that the "deplorable incident" referred to was this. A small body of Uhlans had rushed into the town and ridden through the streets before any other portion of the advancing army had appeared. One of these, having undertaken to ride alone in a street remote from where his comrades had stopped, was shot from a window and fell dead. This was the "deplorable incident," and such are the dimensions which a single event of the kind may assume in the portentous atmosphere of war!

While I was in Pont-à-Mousson, the mayor was engaged during several hours of each day in restoring to the citizens the arms which the Germans had sequestered upon taking possession of the town. Some six thousand guns which had been taken from the people and held under lock and key in the town hall during the German occupation had been reclaimed by their owners, who generally manifested great delight at their recovery. A considerable number still remained whose owners had not appeared since the war, and there was another collection of weapons whose ownership was in dispute. The guns were for the most part old-fashioned, and it could hardly be wondered at that the Germans were satisfied to let them rest and rust, without attempting to put them to any use.

Some of the inhabitants of the town supplemented the mayor's glowing eulogium of their behaviour on the day when French troops replaced the Germans, by admitting that there had been considerably more drunken people seen in their streets than they were accustomed to, but all with whom I conversed echoed his praise of the foreign soldiers who had for three years occupied the town. Some of them were frank enough to say that the town had never been so prosperous as during that period. The Germans—I was surprised to hear—had spent money freely, and even the fortnight which had intervened since their departure had told unpleasantly upon each tradesman's till. The first Sunday after the evacuation was observed as a festival day—the first *fête* of any kind that had occurred there for more than three years—but I doubt whether so much enthusiasm as is said to have attended it would have been manifested a week later.

Three years had cleared away a good many difficulties. I had then heard some ladies who kept an hotel severely criticised as having been too affable to the German officers quartered on their establishment: they were now praised as having set a wise example and done much to conciliate those who might have made a great deal of trouble. In one house, where some respectable women kept a shop of miscellaneous articles—laces, combs, penknives, &c.—I had chanced to be present when a German soldier came in, called for a knife, and took it away, leaving on the counter a few groschen, much less than its value, to pay for it. "This is the way we are robbed," said the head of the establishment, bursting into tears; "we shall be reduced to beggary." I told her that I thought the difficulty had been that her language and the price she named had not been understood, and that she had better study German coinage, so as always to name her price intelligibly. I called again now after three years, and found that she had learned a good deal of German, and instead of being reduced to beggary had realized a handsome profit from her foreign customers. I sought out an old woman whom I remembered as having been in the sorest distress. Her husband and only son were both fighting somewhere, and she had no hope of ever seeing them again. She had been left in poverty, and it was not likely to be removed by the way in which she was disposing of the only thing she

had to sell—wine—to the Germans. It was really good wine, and she sold it at a half-a-franc per quart bottle! When I had asked her why she did not demand at least franc, she piteously replied that she feared that if she did so she would get nothing. This old lady now reported that both husband and son had returned safely from the wars, and she had been made comfortable for life by selling at a good rate the product of their little vintage during the three years that had passed. And these were only a few among the many who had suffered anguish from the evils that never happened. My reader may be sure that I did not fail of a welcome from the grocer with whose invitation I began this story of my rambles, and it was all the warmer when I was enabled to append to his denunciation of Napoleon III. the assurance that I had seen him laid out in death with my own eyes.

A franc now takes me to Metz, where a milliard could not have secured admission three years ago. In driving from the station through the heavy gates and the immense structures of defence surrounding it, they seem now almost as antiquarian as the ruined Roman aqueduct which one passes a little out of the city. The discovery that water rises to its level made the one useless; the invention of huge guns has made the other equally so. And now that it is known that no city need be stormed in order to be taken, it is to be hoped that Metz, with its beautiful cathedral and its fine environs, will not much longer be imprisoned by its tremendous internal works. The Germans know well by experience what are the true defences of Metz, and are crowning the surrounding heights with new and powerful fortresses—the chief enlargement being on Fort Prince Friedrich Karl (St. Quentin), where the siege found the French with but a feeble work.

One cannot stay an hour at Metz without being impressed with the final and absolute resolution of its possessors to hold it firmly and forever. A force of fifty thousand German soldiers is there, and at every turn and every moment the signs of this tight grasp are met with. Soldiers tramping through the streets at all hours of the day, soldiers at every shop door, and at every *table d'hôte*, bugles sounding and the roll of the drum by night and by day, are here to remind one who has been seeing battle plains waving with corn that there are monuments of war that do not pass away. Not



that the conquerors are not trying to mitigate the severities of the transition which Metz is undergoing. They have left intact the characteristic French monuments, even (rather cruelly) that theatrical one near the Cathedral, of the braggart Marshal, with pompous and heady mien, grasping a musket on Dresden bridge, and exclaiming, in reply to the challenge, "Who comes there?" "The last of the French Guard!" They have allowed the French inhabitants to erect a fine monument, covered with eulogies, to their soldiers who fell in the late battles around the city. They have a fine band to perform other than martial music in the chief square, as the Austrians used to do in Venice. The effect, however, is the same here as it was in Venice: the native citizens take care to avoid the square while the music is going on. And this is only a very slight manifestation of the animosity felt in Metz towards its new masters, the same being expressed so continually and openly that it can only be inferred that the Germans feel themselves to be sufficiently strong there to give free rein to the tongues of their conquered subjects. One meets indeed the clouded brow some distance out of Metz in the direction of Luxembourg, and especially in the villages whose names have been Germanized. Teutonic philology would seem to have been active in searching for the old Lothringen names. Thionville has been metamorphosed into Diedenhofen, Ucange to Ueckingen, Hyange to Hagindengen. These changes have been strictly limited to places anciently German, and I believe are in every case restorations; the towns previously French — Vionville, Rezonville, and others — having their names preserved, even though included by the German line. But the changed names seem to choke the French when they try to utter them; and when at Hagindengen I asked a man in a blouse at the station what station it was, he seemed to think I meant to insult him, and replied merely with a grimace. As may be imagined, the French travellers in the train gave vent to their feelings by dramatic attempts to pronounce the new names, ending with ingenious failures, and roars of laughter. It is a point of patriotism also to fairly hiss out the word *Mess*, which the Germans seem to dislike so much.

But however strong this aversion of the French in and around Metz towards the Germans, it is mild compared with the

universal rage felt towards Bazaine. Concerning him I met with but one feeling and one expression — that he was a traitor, and had showed it in many ways from the instant that the Emperor fell, and Gambetta came into power. The landlady at the Hôtel de l'Europe told me that the surrender fell upon them like a thunderbolt. "We had not even suspended the table in our hotel," she said, "and there was hardly an article of luxury, much less a necessary of life, which we did not have. Others were not, of course, so well off, but when the city was surrendered there had not only been no case of starvation, but not even one of an invalid dying for want of any usual delicacy." A dozen persons at least bore the same testimony, and I was compelled to the conviction that Bazaine did certainly make up his mind that it was not worth while to risk anything for the gentlemen of the pavement. On my way to the battle-field of Gravelotte the coachman drew up his horses near the beautiful villa embowered in trees which Bazaine had occupied during the siege. "There he stayed," said the man. "There he slept soundly on the night when hosts of dead men were being carried into Metz. He had very little to do with the people in the city."

"Did he not go about and examine to see how much food was in it before he gave up?"

"Not he!" was the quick response. "He cared nothing about what Metz wanted. Ah, sir — a deep traitor!"

Individual experiences during the siege constitute an unfailling topic. A young shopkeeper told me that when it came to eating horseflesh she had winced at it a good deal. "However, I preferred horse to Prussian, and made up my mind to it. But I got to like it so much that now I would give more for it than for any other kind of meat if I could buy it." A young man who had been in Paris during the siege of that city, though belonging to this neighbourhood, said that the only flesh they had to eat which was not pleasant was that of the dog. "We all found cat very nice, and rats too, but they, like horseflesh, gradually become luxuries that only the rich could afford; but dog was very coarse and disagreeable. However, the time came when we could not get that, we poor ones. The rich never knew what the poor went through in Paris. There were two days when I lived on a bit of bread not as large as the palm of my hand. But we used to say a

dozen times a day, 'Never mind, boys! we are saving France.' There was not one of us who could or would have borne our want through it all but for the feeling that we were saving France. We hadn't any dream that we should ever give up. And we never would have given up if we hadn't had traitors from one end of France to the other."

"Right, sir, you are right," shouted an aged man, striking the floor with his cane; "France was then all treason from the crown of her head to the sole of her foot. And what is more, it's the same now. MacMahon, the Orleanists, the Legitimists, all of them—they would sell France to-day to get power for themselves. We are going straight back into the hole where the war found us."

"At any rate I hope they'll shoot Bazaine," put in some one present.

"Shoot Bazaine!" cried the old man; "there isn't spirit enough left in France to shoot him or any other traitor. You are more likely to see him within a twelvemonth at the head of the French army."

Several persons admitted that though the privations of the siege in Metz were certainly uncomfortable, they had not become so much so as to make them forget their compensations.

The wife of the proprietor of a beer saloon said, "We had always been poor up to the siege, but since then have been well off. We happened to have a large stock of fair beer on hand, and we sold it all at three francs a glass. It was true we had to pay fifteen francs for a loaf of bread like that," pointing to one about twice the size of the large English loaf, "but still we made a great deal of money, and could easily have stood a month more of it."

The opinions which I gathered from various sources in Metz as to the time for which the city could have held out longer was variously named as from three to five weeks; in but one case did I hear a shorter period mentioned—two weeks—and that was from the keeper of a small tobacco shop. Nevertheless, after all I had been hearing about the treasons which had ruined France, when I entered the exquisite cathedral—worthy along with that of Antwerp to be exhibited under a glass case—and beheld the people offering tributes of flowers before a large, painted, and gaudily dressed wax doll standing out on the floor, a suspicion grew within me that the deepest traitor to France is not the denounced Marshal,

and that Gravelottes and Sedans were before me in the most gross and puerile shrines that ever dishonoured noble architecture.

Metz is not likely in the end to suffer pecuniarily like the towns which have seen so large a number of consumers suddenly withdrawn from them. For a time indeed it must suffer by the French emigration, but it has rarely had such a large number of visitors as now, when it has become the centre of the most interesting battles which have occurred in modern times. The hotels were as full in August, at least, as if it had been a fashionable watering-place. Making the tour of the battle-fields has become a new thing to "do" on the continent, and the voitures find the sight-seers suitable to be "done" also. It requires about half a day and thirty-five francs to visit the chief points of interest. Wishing to approach the battle-fields by the same path as three years ago, I drove first past Corny—in whose beautiful château Prince Frederick Charles had his head-quarters—to Novéant, a little village associated in my memory with a find of eggs which an old woman brought out of a pot for hungry wayfarers to an extent that suggested that she must be a conjurer.

Novéant-aux-Prés, once least of Moselle villages, has now become dignified as the German Receipt of Customs. It was near this point that Steinmetz crossed the Moselle, and from this point to Gorze (about five miles) was on the morning of the battle of Gravelotte a scene that beggars description. Besides the German armies marching in an unbroken file, and the hundreds of French prisoners marching under guard in the contrary direction, there were thousands of sutlers, camp-followers, hangers-on, male and female, from Heaven knows where, so that the meadows on each side were filled with tents, waggons, beer-stalls, and in the intervals of the awful thunder of artillery near enough to make the earth and air quake, there was heard the din of human voices sometimes bursting out into boisterous laughter that made one shudder. And now this same road was so still and lonely that I could discern no recent track in the dust, could count the unfallen beads of dew on the side path, and could hear not even the song of a bird to break the solitude!

Three years ago, at the entrance to the village of Gorze, there was presented a most shocking sight. A French *ouvrier*, judging by his dress, had been tied up

against a wall by a rope round his neck, riddled with balls, and left there dead, with his feet just touching the ground. To our enquiries why the man had been executed, the response was that, on a German officer's being brought in wounded from the field of Vionville the day before, and placed in a house in Gorze, this man had followed, and when he was alone, slain the officer as he lay groaning on the bed. It was necessary to make an example of this assassin for the protection of the German soldiers. This story was not related as a mere rumour, but stated as an unquestionable fact by several officers. Nor had I, for one, ever doubted it, until this year. Having mentioned to one, whose acquaintance I had made in Gorze, the shocking spectacle, I learned that when the war was over the Germans had investigated the case of this executed man, whose widow still resides in the village. The following facts appeared. This man had been found by some soldiers coming in advance of the army, sitting on his doorstep and eating a piece of bread. One of the soldiers being very hungry had demanded of him some bread, making him understand that he (the soldier) was very hungry. The man made the German understand that he also was very hungry, and had nothing to eat except the small piece of bread in his hand. The soldier, not believing this, demanded to enter the house and examine for himself. Having been admitted, he ransacked the house, but found no food, and said he would search in other houses. With this he went off, but either intentionally or otherwise left his musket behind. The Frenchman also went off. Meanwhile the wife returning and finding the gun, placed it in a closet, and then went away. The German having returned for the gun found the house empty, but did not find the gun. On going into the street he met the Frenchman, of whom he demanded his gun, but who denied all knowledge of it. Other soldiers were called, and they threatened the man with death unless he should produce the weapon, and as he could not do this, he was killed as I have stated. On discovering the facts, the German authorities gave the widow four thousand francs.

In Gorze I stopped at a door at which I had been kindly received on the dreadful night of the battle of Gravelotte. It was the residence of a notary, and I had been brought there by the artist of the *Illustrirte Zeitung*, who had, like myself,

been at the field head-quarters of the King all the day. This artist had for some days occupied a room in the house, and finding me preparing to pass the night on the edge of the battle-field, in despair of finding any better place of rest in villages burning or filled with wounded men, he offered me a share of his room, which I gladly accepted. It was not a night for sleep, however; and through it I leaned out of the window overlooking the main street, where the full moon revealed a perpetual line of waggons and ambulances coming in from the battle-field, from evening until sunrise, freighted with groaning men. The house in which we were staying was one of the largest in the village, and it was soon filled with wounded Germans. The notary and his wife and daughter, a maiden of about eighteen years, were persons of refinement, and though their devotedly French hearts were terribly stricken by the result of the tragical day, nothing could exceed the delicate care with which they sleeplessly nursed the suffering men confided to their care. I now found Madame ill in bed, her husband by her side, the daughter having married, and gone to reside in Nancy. The lady informed me that of the large number of wounded men who were brought to their house on the fatal night, twenty-six had remained with them for six months, when the last was removed either by death or recovery. During that time she and her daughter had attended to them night and day; and though up to the day of Gravelotte she had hardly known a day's illness, she had not known a day of health since, and for nearly three years had rarely been able to leave her bed.

The new frontier which Germany has marked out runs through the centre of the village, and has thrown the notary's residence on German territory. The French Government has still, however, retained him as an official, and he has to go daily a few miles to the west of his residence to exercise his functions. In making the line of separation in this region, Germany has not considered any physical features of the country, but appears to have been guided solely by a sentiment concerning the battlefields where the issue of the struggle was decided. The new line includes with precision the battle-field of August 16, on which was fought what was for a time called the battle of Mars-le-Tour, but is now more accurately known as the battle of Vionville. Germany is now bounded

on its extremest western limit by the small village of Vionville, where several large monuments stand on the line to indicate the historic barriers enduring as river or mountain range. From Gorze to Vionville, indeed, the frontier is traceable only by the increasing number of crosses bearing German names on them, which mark where many a brave soldier was laid to his long rest, and by the more imposing monuments which stand out against the horizon in every direction in honour of the large number of officers who fell on that day of disasters. On one spot rises a shaft in honour of a hundred officers and many more of the rank and file who perished near it on the 16th, bearing the inscription: "They were true unto death. May the earth rest light on them all." In honour of the gallant East Friesland Infantry, Regiment 78, which was completely cut to pieces in the battle of Vionville, is an inscription, which will read better in the original:

Wie wenn im Sturm, der Mann am Bord,  
Die Woge Sturm erwartet,  
So stand im Sturm der Schlacht,  
Treu seiner Pflicht, Ostfriesland's Sohn,  
Und so empfang um diesen Ehrenplatz  
Das junge Regiment, die Feuertaufe.

Over a thousand soldiers are mentioned on the pediment of this monument. The monuments are generally neat obelisks of grey stone, rising from plain square pediments. That which is built on the spot where the King of Prussia and his staff stood during the morning of the 18th, witnessing the struggle at Gravelotte, is marked by a monument differing from the rest. It is built of rough blocks of stone, piled up with studied irregularity in pyramidal shape, giving the impression at a little distance of a huge cairn. It is surrounded by an iron railing, on which are inscribed vast numbers of names, over some of which wreaths of leaves have been hung. On the top of the pyramid is a large brass eagle, with its eyes glaring out towards Metz, the outspread wings of which must measure between fifteen and twenty feet from tip to tip. This monument is about forty feet high, and being on the most lofty spot in the neighbourhood is a landmark that may be seen for several miles in every direction.

The battle of Vionville, August 16, is that whose history has been more inadequately written than any which occurred during the war. Even the *Daily News*, which seemed to have an eye on every movement which occurred in France in

those days, contained no full description of this tremendous struggle; and though there have no doubt been German histories of the war which I have not seen, the few accounts of this battle in that language which I have seen exhibit a perhaps not unnatural tendency to hasten over it as a mere preface to the grand triumph. Yet these crosses by which the downs are almost whitened and the many monuments silently tell the terrible story of the day when fifteen thousand German soldiers bit the dust, and even these recorders are, to my own mind, but poor witnesses beside my own memory of how that field was strewn with the dead and dying on the day after the conflict. In one spot alone, and in a space not twenty yards square, I counted more than thirty dead men — French and Prussians in about equal numbers, fallen hand to hand in a struggle for a battery — and six dead horses. And for miles no step could be taken that did not bring its horror. The faces of the dead men were often peaceful in death, but those of the horses expressed agonies terrible to behold — expressions so humanlike that they continued to haunt me. On going over the battle-field again this year, I remembered these poor beasts fallen amid the cruel strife they could not understand, and felt a certain satisfaction in observing the mounds beneath which hundreds of them had been buried, albeit the motives for this show of respect had been purely sanitary.

As one contemplates now at leisure the relative positions of the forces which met on the field between Vionville and Gorze on August 16 it seems utterly unaccountable how things should have taken the course they did. Nothing would seem to be more certain than that the French could have retreated in the direction of Verdun and Paris, if they had to retreat, instead of in the contrary direction towards Metz. Though the French claimed a greater victory at Courcelles, eastward from Metz, on the 14th, than they had really won, yet it is certain that the Germans had received there a severe blow. This the French generals must have known, and they ought to have known how comparatively small was the force which attacked the full strength of their army on its first march towards Verdun. The assault begun by the 3rd Prussian Corps was no doubt ferocious, and it had to be borne by the troops (Frossard's) which had suffered so much at the storming of Spicheren.

It must have been that these troops had not yet recovered from the mad panic of that day, and that they now multiplied in imagination the forces which were coming up from behind the long thick screen of woods which concealed the meagreness of the German vanguard. At any rate, with numbers vastly on their side, and with a position commanding completely the narrow pass through which the Germans had to defile and ascend, it remains the incomprehensible fact that the following morning found the French several miles back in the direction of Metz, and the Germans holding the great road to Paris, which had been the immediate object of the contest.

I paused for a little at the dingy little village of Flavigny; dingy, and with only a half-dozen houses in it; but it had been consecrated by one of those little deeds of kindness which, when found blooming amid the desolations of war, have a rare lustre not to be forgotten. Two girls, whose homes had been burnt over their heads, and whose friends had all fled, had there been seen scraping up, mingled with dust, handfuls of rice which had fallen from the sutlers' carts; silently weeping as they gleaned, they were seen by a small party of Bavarian soldiers who were passing by. The men emptied their haversacks—all their morning rations—into the girls' aprons, and hastened on. How many good-hearted fellows, who would have willingly shared with each other their last loaf instead of shooting each other, sleep beneath these sods!

Now and then I saw, wandering about those parts of the field which were clear of grain, women in black, whose object could not be doubtful. In Metz, I was told that there have come to reside a considerable number of German widows and families, in order that they may be near the resting-place of their beloved, and that, week after week, they may be seen wandering about the battle-fields, with the hope that by some chance they may discover the spot where the lost one lies, or some little relic of him. One, indeed, I met, a widow who had come from Bavaria to live near the field on which her husband had found an undiscoverable grave. This widow, after some conversation, invited me to come to her humble home and examine some manuscripts and drawings which her late husband had left; for as an artist he had made a large number of designs for the German illus-

trated papers, and as an author had printed many articles, and left some extended works in MS. which she believed to be important. I spent an evening examining these works, and was astonished at the ability displayed in them. Their author seemed to have been of an antiquarian turn. The pictures were chiefly sketches of old church windows and monuments, and copies of innumerable ancient specimens of German heraldry. The manuscripts were very extensive, and I could only examine a small portion of them, but those which I did look into were notes and investigations relating to old German superstitions, rhymes, and customs, written in the true spirit of philosophical enquiry, and such as I am quite sure might, if properly sifted, be of considerable value. Hans Weiniger was the name of this artist and author for whom the year 1870 held nothing better than an unknown grave in a foreign land.

At Rezonville the driver stopped his horses at a certain spot, and pointing to a house said, "There is the house in which the King slept on the night of the battle of Gravelotte." I remarked that it was said he had only a piece of black bread for his supper and an ambulance for his bed, and I imagine Bazaine fared better on the same night. "Ah, yes," replied the driver—quite a philosopher in his way—"Ah, yes, and the King is now master of Metz."

On entering the village of Gravelotte, we stopped at the one inn which the place affords—the "Cheval d'Or." It is a miserable little inn, and Gravelotte is about as insignificant a place as ever gave name to a great event. At the door of the inn were old women and one or two children selling fragments of bombshells, chassépôt balls, spikes and brass eagles from German helmets and other relics. This village presented one aspect which distinguished it from others that I had passed through, namely, the large number of children playing in its streets. At Gorze and other villages, when they were made German, nearly all the families which had children emigrated into French territory, it having been generally determined after much consultation that patriotism demanded that the children of French parents should be brought up French. Some of these villages, therefore—notably Gorze—are as childless as Hamelin town after the Pied Piper had taken his famous revenge at not being paid for removing its rats by carrying off its children. But there



would seem to be no danger of the population of Gravelotte, small as it is, dying out.

An aged woman at the "Cheval d'Or" pointed out a house just opposite as that in which Napoleon III. had passed the night of the 15th of August—that day which had for so many years been his *fête* day, but now witnessed no flag raised in his honour from one end of France to the other. "The Prince Imperial," said the old woman, "slept in a different house on this side of the street. I watched the Emperor as he came out in the morning to start on the Verdun road. He looked worn and sick—he looked dreadful. He walked about and around, and couldn't keep still while the horses were being hitched to the carriage, the Prince standing by, looking at him with a very sad face. All the party were pale and trembling, and after seeing them I made sure that it was all over with us." The old woman said that when the battle began to rage about them no one expected to be alive the next hour, and most of the villagers fled to the woods. Over in the vicinity of Malmaison I observed a large new factory standing on the spot where I well remembered seeing a huge house burning, sending up a high column of jet black smoke, which contrasted curiously with the snow-white smoke of battle. I little knew then that the picturesque column would remain in the memory of all who saw it as the most fearful monument of that day; for it was in that factory that the French had placed over two hundred wounded men, but having failed to raise the Geneva flag over it, it was not respected by the German artillery, and soon caught fire. The wounded Frenchmen all perished in the flames.

I walked over to the little church. Beside and around its tower the battle had raged with the utmost fury. Its little graveyard faces the street, separated from it by a stone wall, which the French had perforated for their guns and used as a fortress. Indeed the western side of nearly every house in all the villages of this region was similarly perforated, the marks of the holes remaining. Behind the graveyard of the Gravelotte church is another wall, and, after a garden, a third one. The French had defended each of these walls with great resolution; and when I visited the spot on the day after the struggle, the graveyard and the garden behind it were literally filled with dead men. The church was filled with the wounded, whose shrieks and groans

made the place too dreadful for one to linger near it. But now the graveyard was green and peaceful as ever, and in the church a few aged people were gathered about a priest who was going through his service, and the past of three years before appeared only as a frightful dream from which one has been relieved.

If the failure of the French to hold what it would really seem they had gained on the 16th—the road at Vionville—seems unaccountable, their inability to hold the vast heights between Gravelotte and the Metz forts—St. Quentin, St. Julien, and Plappeville—appears even more unaccountable. Their retreat, as one now surveys the situation, seems simply astounding. Just beyond Gravelotte, hardly more than a hundred yards, the land sinks into a precipitous valley which extends for a mile or two. The other side of this valley, which was held by the French, is nearly a hundred feet higher than the side close to Gravelotte. The Germans had to descend into this valley and then climb the opposite side, more than two hundred feet, and take the French position in the face of a furious fire from the mitrailleuse, and from the hundreds of gravel pits in which the French had hid themselves. These heights were held by the men of Frossard, Montaudan, Nagel and Verge, but they only succeeded in making their enemy pay a heavy price for his success in scaling and occupying them.

Across one end of this valley, the great macadamized Verdun road, lined with trees, the possession of which was being so hotly contested, runs by a deep pass, the banks on each side being forty feet high. Along this cutting it was that during the battle the Westphalian Uhlans made a desperate dashing charge, intended probably to divert and bring upon themselves some of the terrible fire which the French were directing against the hosts that were filtering through Gravelotte. Nearly all of these gallant Uhlans perished. Next day the road was lined with their dead bodies and those of their horses, though many of them had been borne away to burial on the hill from which death had flamed down upon them.

Upon that hill I now again stood recalling that beautiful day at whose dawn I had stood beside the vast pit in which hundreds of brave men (French and Germans side by side) were being covered, while a choir chanted over them the funeral hymns of the Fatherland. And while this went on, Moltke, and Bismarck, and

other generals were standing on the brow of the hill, gazing through their field-glasses over upon the angry walls of Metz, and upon Fort St. Quentin, whose height was alive with the legions destined never to issue therefrom except as prisoners of war.

Here, then, and on August 18, 1870, the issue of the great war between France and Germany was decided. All that came afterwards was the inevitable consequence of this battle. By it the great army of France had its back hopelessly broken, so that it could never again stir as an army, and the parts could never be knit together again. Undoubtedly, after this Bazaine could have made the final and complete victory of the Germans much more costly than it proved to be, had he held out a week or two longer at Metz. He certainly could not have broken through the terrible coil that was around him; but he might, by suffering on, have made it necessary to preserve that coil in its full vigour through a period that was trying the army before Paris to the utmost, and when the Germans needed more men there. The surrender of Metz enabled them to bring upon the beleaguered capital the one blow under which it had to succumb, and the curtain fell on the strangest, wildest drama of modern history.

I found a deep pleasure in standing on this height and gazing upon the great battle-plains, and upon the woods from which I had seen issuing the interminable hosts of Germany. The woods were green and beautiful; the battle-fields were golden with ripe corn, and the peaceful reapers were alone to be seen there where the dreadful scythe of death had mowed down men like grass. The fields exhibit no red spots but the poppies, and in the distance even the groups of white crosses are like parterres of flowers. In the foreground were the cheerful gardens with their burning bushes — roses and fuchsias so large and deep-hued that it may have been such that caused Nizami to say, "Every flower in the garden of the earth is the heart's blood of a man." Sweet Nature has made haste to hide her scars with grass and grain, as if she would persuade her human children to forget theirs. The only thing that I missed from the cheerful scene which I remembered then just before the battle had raged over it, was the songs of the birds. I well recall that in the clear morning the woods and meadows had been vocal with their songs, and how even in the intervals of the roar of artil-

lery and the hurtling shot the air had been filled with their gentle music. It may have been partly a fancy, but now it seemed to me that the woods and meadows were strangely silent, and that the birds had followed the merry voices of children, to other regions. In driving back through the village of Rozerieulles, I observed on certain large houses many boughs and bushes and was told that this village had been famous in times past for the large flocks of pigeons which had roosted there, constituting the special merchandise of the place. But since the war had desolated the neighbourhood comparatively few of these birds had returned there, and the inhabitants had hung out thus upon their walls certain boughs to lure them back again. I could only hope in passing on that among the boughs the olive may appear more plentifully, and that with the others the doves of peace may return, and the song of the turtle be once more heard in this sorely stricken land.

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From The Saturday Review.

#### THE EMOTIONAL LANGUAGE OF THE FUTURE.

MR. SPENCER recently called attention, in a very interesting passage of his *Psychology*, to those secondary signs of a feeling which are to be found in abortive attempts to conceal it. "A state of *mauvaise honte*," he well says, "otherwise tolerably well concealed, is indicated by an obvious difficulty in finding fit positions for the hands." A great mental agitation, though prevented from breaking out into violent expression, is pretty certain to betray itself in the awkward, shuffling movements which are made to curb and suppress it. Such indirect signs of emotion Mr. Spencer calls its secondary natural language.

The fact that many of our emotions now betray themselves only through the incompleteness of the effort of will to disguise them is not a little curious, and offers several lines of interesting inquiry. It at once suggests how very little play for emotional expression the conditions of modern society appear to allow. For it seems tolerably certain that the voluntary hiding of feeling is a late attainment in human development, and is forced on us simply by the needs of advancing civilization. Savages for the most part know little of concealing their passions, and

this makes them so good a psychological study. Children, too, who may be supposed to represent the earlier acquirements of the race, are proverbially unfettered in the expression of their sentiments. In like manner, in the various ranks of our civilized society, we see that, while a cultivated lady appears to all distant onlookers to have a mind dispassionate and undisturbed by agitating feelings, a West-country maid reveals her curiosity and wonder, her alternations of joy and misery, with scarcely a trace of compunction. If we go low enough down the social scale we find the freest utterance of feelings, and it is only when, in retracing our steps, we arrive at a certain stage of culture that we discover signs of an active emotional restraint. Where this self-control is defective we have Mr. Spencer's secondary emotional signs. Higher up, among a few specially cultivated persons, the acquisition of this power of concealment appears to be complete, and we have a type of mind capable of a prolonged external serenity unruffled by a gust of passionate impulse. The survey of these facts at once prompts the question whether the expression of our feelings by smile, vocal changes, and so on, is destined to disappear with a further advance of social organization. To attempt to answer such a question directly and briefly would perhaps betray too much confidence. We may, however, seek to define the various paths of inquiry to be pursued before a final answer can be arrived at, and to hint at the probabilities of the problem under its various aspects.

First of all, then, with respect to the distinctly unsocial feelings, the answer seems to be tolerably clear. It being generally allowed by biologists that the looks and gestures accompanying anger, jealousy, and pride are simply survivals of hostile actions, the nascent renewal of an attitude preliminary to attack, it is natural that they should appear only in transitions of society from a barbaric to a civilized condition. When the age of destructive conflict, individual and racial, shall have become the curious research of antiquaries, it may be presumed that any bodily movements known to have grown out of these struggles will cease from sheer desuetude. Indeed one may perhaps, without too optimistic a bias, refer to the fact that all the stronger manifestations of anger and malice have already become unfamiliar in real life, so that when we see their imitations on the stage

they are apt to appear ridiculously forced. The better part of modern society has put such a ban on the ugly signs of rage that our only means of discovering traces of this passion in a man is some incompletely suppressed emotional movement, or some too violent effort to command the muscles of expression. After many more generations shall have practised the difficult art of noiselessly crushing out with the foot an incipient wrath, it will be hard if such offences to the eye as frowning brow and scornful mouth do not entirely disappear.

But the progress of social refinement probably affects other expressions than those of the distinctly hostile sentiments. It tends to confine within ever narrower limits all manifestations of unpleasant feeling. Since it is a grateful thing to witness pleasurable feeling, and painful to see the expression of suffering in another, a polite form of society does all it can to encourage the one and to suppress the other. A man is for the most part supposed to be able to obtain all needed sympathy in his troubles from his family and his intimate friends. Before the rest of the world he is expected to hide his grief and maintain a cheerful aspect. It is one of the delicate forms of sensibility produced by a high culture to be fearful of obtruding one's feelings on unconcerned onlookers. This growing perception of the vulgar aspects of uncontrolled emotional display appears to have much to do with the partial concealments of feeling of which Mr. Spencer speaks. But comparatively few persons are completely able to hide a sharp and sudden vexation, however public the occasion of experiencing it. An annoying piece of intelligence, affecting, it may be, one's matrimonial chances or equally dear ambitions, will very likely call up a momentary expression of dismay even in presence of a fashionable company. We wonder to how many persons it is still a necessity under the smart of a sudden disappointment to flee as soon as possible from all spectators and relieve the pressure of emotion by a few energetic expletives, if not a sparse shower of tears. We do not know how many ages it may require to discipline our species in a perfect concealment of painful feeling; but at present it looks as though we were passing through the hardest stages of this schooling.

One other influence which probably contributes to make emotion more and more private and invisible is the partial

revival of the Stoical doctrine that all sentiment is a moral weakness. This idea appears to hold most sway in our own country, and especially among those classes who are most concerned to maintain a not too obvious gentility. A common supposition among young aspirants to social rank seems to be that lofty breeding is best seen in a uniformly passionless and vacuous arrangement of the facial muscles. To appear interested in any object in his environment strikes the pseudo-aristocrat as a pitiable infirmity of vulgar minds. The ways in which this curious self-imposed check acts are at times very funny. We remember hearing Macready give a series of readings to a fashionably dressed assembly in a small provincial town, and we were much struck by the almost heroic efforts which many of the company made to conceal the emotion so powerfully aroused by the tragedian's art. Possibly English people are less impressible by scenic display and music than Continental nations. Whether this be so or not, it is very curious to contrast the perfectly apathetic aspect of an assembly at Covent Garden with the lively demonstrations of an audience at a Paris opera, or the deep earnest absorption of the worshippers of Wagner at Berlin or Munich. This notion that it is the final attainment of civilization to appear impartially indifferent to everything about one, and constantly to preserve the semblance of an equanimity which knows nothing of the agitation of pleasure or pain, may be expected to give the last touch of refinement to emotional expression.

If these were all the facts bearing on the future of our emotional life, we might well inquire what effect the habitual suppression of emotional expression is likely to have on the quality of the emotions themselves. It is probably clear to everybody that our feelings are very much affected by the range of free expression accorded them. At least the violent intensity of a passion is destroyed by successful control of all the muscles, and, even if a slow smouldering fire of hate or jealousy may coexist with a comparatively quiet exterior, the emotional force is in this case robbed of its glory. It would thus appear that with social progress, as men are thrown more and more in each other's society, their feelings will undergo a very considerable transformation; some types of emotion disappearing it may be altogether, the rest

being so mollified as to be scarcely recognizable as the venerable forms of human love, terror, and joy. But, oddly enough, we find another set of influences, due to the very same social conditions as the first, which tends to counteract these, fostering and deepening feeling, and encouraging its manifestations. Mr. Spencer thinks that the habit of expressing pleasure and pain arose as animals became gregarious. This condition exposed the members of the same flock to common experiences of danger, &c.; and in this way, from uttering the sounds of terror under like circumstances and at the same times, they would come to interpret them when given forth by their companions. At the same time the gregarious mode of life clearly made animals able to assist one another in a large variety of ways. Now on this supposition, which seems extremely plausible, the habit of expressing feeling is an attainment of social life, and, so far from disappearing with the advance of this life, it should, one would think, go on developing. In point of fact, we see in a number of ways how social progress serves to enlarge the area of sympathetic feeling. As a man becomes more of a citizen, he is probably more and more desirous to be in unison of feeling and intention with his fellow-citizens, at least with that section of them whom he most respects. The sympathy he looks for presupposes, it is clear, some expression of his own feelings, and a responsive expression on the part of his neighbours. In this way, then, there are two tendencies of social culture curiously conflicting in their results. By virtue of the one a man seeks to repress feeling and not to obtrude it unnecessarily on his fellow-citizens. By force of the other he is ever craving with more and more vigour for a lively interchange of sentiments with others. What resultant, it may be asked, do these opposite forces produce?

Without trying to determine the precise direction of this compound effect, it may be just suggested that a kind of compromise between opposing forces is frequently effected by means of language. By this medium we may convey most minutely and accurately the fact of a feeling and define its nature, without bringing it forward as a vivid and naked reality. It is highly disagreeable to see a look of disgust in another's face, but we do not quite so strongly object to a man's telling us the cause of such a feel-

ing, and leaving us to imagine by inference the nature of the emotion itself. Language, while defining the precise variety of sentiment, contains also in its ever-varying modulation of voice, its changes of pitch, intensity, and *timbre*, a large apparatus of proper emotional expression. Moreover it seems fully allowable to accompany speech with a variety of other emotional signs which are looked on as silly and weak if presented independently. We rather expect conversation to be brightened by the many subtle changes of the facial muscles and the refined and subdued gestures peculiar to our nation. If a person habitually wears a half giggle, we are probably struck by the imbecility of this meaningless display. So too when a man meets us in the street looking evidently soured and retaliative, we rather wish he would reserve these unamiable exhibitions for his sympathetic friends. We have, in a word, grown intellectual much faster than we have become emotional, and we cannot suffer feeling to exhibit itself without some explanation of its nature and causes being offered at the same time. If a man will unbosom to us his sorrow or his joy fully and intelligibly, we profess ourselves willing, provided he is not too wearisome and exacting, to lend him a patient ear, and to endeavour to enter into his peculiar experiences; but without this explanatory recital, the evidences of feeling are apt to appear unmeaning, if not actually offensive.

We may just point to another influence which still further complicates this question of emotional expression—namely, the growing demands made by social refinement on the expression of kindly interest in other people's concerns. While a man is judged to be inconsiderate if he is frequently intruding his personal feelings in social intercourse, rigid politeness requires us for the most part to lend an appreciative ear to the tale of woe, however dull it may happen to prove. This law calls into existence a very curious group of half-artificial expressions. The degree to which polite persons have nowadays to assume feeling may well alarm any one who cares much for the honesty of social intercourse. We all know probably the drawing-room smile of some of our lady friends. It is something quite unique, never appearing in other places and at other times, but presenting itself at the right moment with all the certainty of an astronomical phenomenon. So too we know persons

whose voices undergo a most curious change when called on to converse with a stranger, especially one of the opposite sex. No doubt some slight part of the display may be set down to an unavoidable excitement, but the main features of it would seem to be deliberately assumed. In this way it appears that, owing to the requirements of modern society, our volitions are called upon now to check feeling, now to force it into play. The studied graces of smile, dilating eye and mellifluous voice, make up a perfectly new order of quasi-expressions, which might perhaps in a highly artificial state of society gradually supplant many of the older and familiar forms of emotional utterance. Whether the agencies which tend to sustain genuine emotional expression will prove to have more vitality than those which go to suppress it, and how far, supposing spontaneous utterances of emotion to grow out of date, artificial imitations of them will continue in fashion, are points which we do not attempt to determine. Enough has been said perhaps to show how curiously complex are the conditions of the problem.

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From All The Year Round.

#### MARRIED LIFE IN CHINA.

VERY little is known in this country of the married life of the Chinese, but nevertheless their habits and customs in this respect are very minute, and by no means devoid of interest. The patriarchal system of the country is exhibited, on a small scale, in all Chinese households; for as the emperor claims to be, and theoretically is, the absolute and despotic ruler of his subjects, so every father exercises a similar power over his family, even claiming the right to sell his children as slaves.

A woman in China, when once she is married, and has assumed her husband's clan-name, becomes part and parcel of his family, and henceforward she has but a slight connection with her own relations, her duty and obedience being entirely transferred to her husband and his parents, the latter of whom, sad to relate, frequently treat her with great cruelty, and more as a slave than a daughter-in-law.

The Chinese wife's great hope and ambition are that she may have male offspring to perpetuate her husband's name, to care for and support him in old age,



and, after death, to watch over and offer sacrifices at his grave, and at stated periods to burn incense before his tablet. If she chance to be so unfortunate as to have no children, or only daughters, there is rarely any happiness in store for her in her married life, and her husband is very likely to take to himself a concubine, if he can afford to do so, hoping thereby to attain the darling wish of his heart.

When women have no children they supplicate the goddess Hui-fu Fu-jên to aid them and send them sons, for, if possible, they would rather not have daughters. If a man have no sons he is thought to "live without honour and die unhappy;" and so eager is a Chinaman for a male heir, that, failing a son of his own, he will adopt one from his brothers' families, if he can get one. Occasionally, too, from this all-absorbing desire for a son, parents will bribe a nurse to get some poor man's boy and substitute him for a newly-born daughter. In the exaggerated phrasology common to the Chinese, those who do this are said "Tou lung, huan fêng," that is, to steal a dragon and exchange it for a phoenix.

The following customs, related in the Social Life of the Chinese, are rather amusing, and show what devices women in the Celestial Empire will resort to in the hope that they may thereby be blessed with children. Every year, between the eleventh and fifteenth day of the first and eighth Chinese moons, several of the most popular temples devoted to the worship of a goddess of children, commonly called "Mother," are frequented by married, but childless, women, for the purpose of procuring one of a kind of shoe belonging to her. Those who come for a shoe burn incense and candles before the image of "Mother," and vow that they will offer a thanksgiving, if she will aid them in bearing a male child. The shoe is taken home and placed in the niche, which holds the family image of the goddess, where it is worshipped in connection with "Mother," though not separately, on the first and fifteenth days of each moon; fresh flowers are then offered up, and incense, candles, and mock-money are burned. When the child thus prayed for is born, should such a fortunate event take place, the happy mother, in accordance with her vow, causes two shoes to be made like the one obtained from the temple. These two and the original one are brought to the temple with her thank-offering, which generally

consists of several plates of food. Some women, instead of asking for a shoe of the goddess, beg some of the flowers which she usually has in her hands or in a flower-vase near by. The shoe is lent, but the flowers are given. On reaching home some women fasten the flowers thus obtained in their hair, whilst others place them in a vase near the niche mentioned above. Should the suppliants not become mothers, no thanksgiving would be expected by the goddess whose aid had been invoked.

When a son is born there are great rejoicings in a family, and shortly afterwards what is termed the "milk name" is given, which answers to "pet names" amongst ourselves. Later on the boy receives a regular name, usually of two characters, corresponding to what we call the "Christian name;" when written it is placed after the clan or surname. When grown up even, boys are often called, not by their proper names, but by their number in the family—for example, A-size or A-woo, that is, Number Four or Number Five.

On the third day after its birth the nurse washes the child for the first time, before the family image of the goddess "Mother," who is currently believed to watch over all children till they reach their sixteenth year, and at the same time a thank-offering of meat, cakes, fruit, wine, flowers, &c., is placed before her, in recognition of her aid in the character of Lucina. As is always the case with such like oblations in China, they are afterwards consumed by the family.

The important ceremony of "binding the wrists" is now observed, and the practice in this matter differs considerably. A common plan is to tie a piece of red cotton loosely round the wrists; another is to fasten some ancient copper coins on the wrists for several days by means of red cotton. In some families this is not finally removed from the infant's wrists for several months, though it is more usual to take it off after fourteen days. The idea is that this binding of the wrists together will prevent the baby from being wicked and disobedient, not only in childhood, but also in after-life. In allusion to this singular custom, when children are troublesome or naughty, they are asked if their mothers neglected to bind their wrists.

When the baby is a month old the head is shaved for the first time, and in the case of a boy this ceremony is performed before the Ancestral Tablets. A

feast is also given, to which the relatives and intimate friends are invited, and it is customary for them to bring presents of toys, food, money, &c.; they also frequently club together and send the infant a silver plate, on which they inscribe three characters, meaning Longevity, Honour, and Happiness. Shortly after this, the parents make their acknowledgments to their various friends for their congratulations and for the presents which they have sent; this is commonly done by sending a small present of cakes in return. At a subsequent entertainment, which sometimes takes place when the child is four months old, the "happy father," it is said, "bows down before the goddess ('Mother'), and begs that the child may be good-natured and easy to take care of, that it may grow fat, that it may sleep well at night, and that it may not be given to crying," &c. From this we may naturally infer that the habit of Chinese babies are much the same as those of our own, and that distracted parents in China, as elsewhere, know what it is to have wakeful nights and squalling babies.

The maternal grandmother, when a boy is a year old, sends him a present of a cap and a pair of shoes, as well as some other garments, and on this occasion another family feast is held to celebrate the birthday.

English mothers, whose children are backward in walking, will be amused at the following piece of Chinese nursery superstition: "It is the custom in many families, when the child is just beginning to walk alone, for a member of the family to take a large knife, often such as is used in the kitchen to cut up vegetables, and, approaching him from behind as he is toddling along, to put it between his legs, or hold it a little way off him, with the edge downwards, and then to bring it to the ground, as if in the act of cutting something. This is called 'cutting the cords of his feet,' and the motion is repeated two or three times. It is done in order to facilitate his learning to walk, and is supposed to be of great use in keeping the child from stumbling and falling down."

After the shaving of the head at the end of the first month, it is a common practice to allow a patch of hair to grow on the top, if the child be a boy, and on both sides if a girl; the hair is braided into tight little queues, which stick out, and give the children a very comical look in their earlier years. When a girl, how-

ever, reaches womanhood, she ceases to wear these queues, which have latterly hung down her back in glossy braids, and her hair is done up on her head in the peculiar Chinese style, which, we believe, varies but little all over the empire, and report says — though we cannot vouch for the accuracy of the story — that the singular edifice is very rarely taken to pieces, and that the women use a curious little cane pillow to prevent the disarrangement of their hair at night.

On the fifteenth day of the first moon of the year, the birthday of the goddess "Mother" occurs, and, as we have remarked in a previous article,\* married women then repair to the temples, and worship her, burning incense, and having crackers let off in her honour. Of this fact we can speak from personal experience, having lived for upwards of two years within a few yards of such a temple, and having been often nearly suffocated with the smell and fumes of the burning joss-sticks; the firework part of the performance, too, was always carried on *con amore*, as we know to our cost. The din and clamour raised by the crowds of women frequenting the small temple of which we speak, on "Mother's" high festivals, will never fade from our memory, for they were truly awful, and could hardly be said to savour much of real devotion.

When a boy goes to school for the first time he is expected to take with him two small candles, some incense-sticks, and mock-money, all of which are burned in honour of Confucius before a slip of paper bearing some such inscription as "the Teacher, a pattern for ten thousand ages," or one of the great sage's other numerous titles, the new pupil bowing down and making his prostrations the while. About the end of spring in each year, schoolmasters often give their boys a treat, when very similar, though more elaborate, ceremonies, are performed, and it is the custom for the pupils to bring presents of money to defray the expenses.

Children of both sexes are said to "go out of childhood," when they are about sixteen years of age, as in China they are then considered to have become adults, and the event is usually celebrated by certain family observances. It must, however, be borne in mind, that, though a child in China becomes of age

\* See *All The Year Round*, New Series, vol. x. p. 256.

at sixteen, he is not thereby emancipated from the control of his parents, for during their lifetime he is bound by law and custom to obey them implicitly, be he ever so old or ever so wealthy. The only exception that is made to this rule is when the child has attained to some office under government, and then he is obliged to render his obedience to the emperor, who, whilst he is in the public service, stands to him *in loco parentis*. When a son has reached his sixteenth year, he commonly assumes the direction of the business matters of the family, if his father be dead, unless, indeed, as sometimes happens, his mother have a very strong will of her own. The doctrine inculcated in the Chinese Classics is that a woman has three stages of obedience: to wit, first, she must obey her father (before she marries); second, her husband (after she is married); and, third, her son (when her husband is dead), provided, of course, that the son have reached the age of manhood. In the last-named case, however, law and custom would never uphold the son in treating his mother in an unkind or unfilial manner. Filial piety is held in the highest esteem in China, even to an exaggerated extent, and it may happen that, in cases of extremely unfilial conduct, parents will bring their offspring before the district magistrate, and invoke the aid of the law in support of their rights; such instances are, however, rare, but they occasionally occur, and the only persons who have any claim to be consulted are the maternal uncles of the accused, who, if these concur with his parents in their view of his misconduct, stands a very bad chance indeed of escaping without some serious mark of indignity, if he be lucky enough to get off without severe punishment.

"Fathers have virtually the power of life and death over their children, for even if they kill them designedly, they are subject to only the chastisement of the bamboo and a year's banishment; if struck by them, to no punishment at all. The penalty of striking parents, or for cursing them, is death, as among the Hebrews. In practice it does not appear that this absolute power bestowed on fathers is productive of evil, the natural feeling being, on the whole, a sufficient security against its abuse." \*

If a son be convicted of the murder of either of his parents, Chinese law visits

the crime with awful severity, for not only is the murderer executed, but his body is cut up into small pieces, and everything possible is done to mark the enormity of the crime. On this point the following extract, from the work quoted before, describes very graphically the course that is pursued: "A man and his wife had beaten and otherwise severely ill-used the mother of the former. This being reported by the viceroy to Peking, it was determined to enforce, in a singular manner, the fundamental principles of the empire. The very place where it occurred was anathematized, as it were, and made accursed. The principal offenders were put to death; the mother of the wife was bamboosed, branded, and exiled for her daughter's crime; the scholars of the district, for three years, were not permitted to attend the public examinations, and their promotion thereby stopped; the magistrates were deprived of their office, and banished. The house in which the offenders dwelt was dug up from the foundations. 'Let the viceroy,' the edict adds, 'make known this proclamation, and let it be dispersed through the whole empire, that the people may all learn it. And if there be any rebellious children who oppose, beat, or degrade their parents, they shall be punished in like manner. If the people, indeed, know the principles of reverence, then they will fear and obey the imperial will, and not look on this as empty declamation. I instruct the magistrates of every province to warn the heads of families and elders of villages, and on the second and sixteenth of every month to read the Sacred Instructions, in order to show the importance of the relations of life, that persons may not rebel against their parents, for I intend to render the empire filial.'" The foregoing paragraph will give a very clear idea of what is universally the theory on the subject in China, but, judging from our own knowledge of their character, we much fear that in this, as well as in very many other matters, the Chinese are more perfect in their theory than in their practice.

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From The Saturday Review.  
SINGULARITY.

THAT worthy Quaker, John Woolman, for whom Coleridge used to express an admiration bordering upon the extravagant, tells us in his Autobiography of a difficulty which long perplexed his mind.

\* The Chinese, by Sir John Davis.

In the phraseology of his sect, "the use of hats and garments dyed with a dye hurtful to them became uneasy to him"; and after many reflections, much prayer, and "close exercise of mind," he resolved at length to get a hat of the natural colour of the fur. His friends thought that wearing such a hat "savoured of affected singularity"; but good John Woolman satisfied himself that he was in the right, and stuck to his hat like the upright and guileless Christian which he always showed himself to be. The extreme scrupulosity fostered by the Quakers' system, of which Woolman's hat is a quaint example, has no doubt caused much ridicule and scandal amongst the outside world. Whether, on the whole, it has done more harm or good; whether the many excellent lessons which Quakers have taught to the world have been helped or retarded by their harmless oddities; and whether the state of mind implied by them is not responsible for much of the decline of the Quaker spirit in modern times, are questions easier to ask than to answer offhand. Woolman was one of the first opponents of slavery; and perhaps his queer hat gave additional emphasis to his remarks, and preserved the fine edge of his conscience. The problem, however, often occurs to a good many people outside the sacred pale, and we may ask on what principles it ought to be settled.

The school of moralists who obey the intellectual impulse of Mr. Mill have of course a simple answer. They consider that society at large has nothing to do with the question of dyeing or not dyeing hats. Every man ought to do precisely what pleases him; and anybody who ventures to disapprove is in some degree tyrannical. He is venturing to intrude within the sphere from which all external authority should be most carefully repelled. If society presumes to decide upon the form of our hats, it will have something to say about our tastes in art, and will before long try to force upon us the average standard of morality. The hat, indeed, is a very good symbol of the tyranny under which we are all groaning. Everybody has complained for the last generation of the torments inflicted upon us by our absurd form of head-dress; and yet our slavish obedience to the impalpable despotism of fashion has hitherto suppressed anything like an effectual revolt. When the right of every man to do as he pleases with all that primarily concerns himself alone is acknowledged,

our hats will be as various as our minds. Meanwhile we go about in a livery intrinsically uncomfortable and degrading as a symbol of the worse slavery endured within. Woolman's practical assertion of his right to be dressed as he pleased was correlative to his other assertion that a negro had a right to dispose of his own labour; and hence we might plunge into a dissertation upon those principles of liberty, equality, and fraternity which have lately excited such eager controversy.

One criticism, indeed, naturally suggests itself. Whatever may be the value of the doctrine of the absolute sovereignty of the individual in all self-regulating matters, it obviously cannot give a complete code of morality. Whatever names we may please to employ, there must be some rules for deciding how far it is wise, if we must not say right, to use the privilege of individual eccentricity. Grant that we should not be justified in sending a man to Coventry for wearing an outrageous hat, that we should even suppress our faintest smiles, and treat his hat with the same apparent unconsciousness as we should show to a wart on his forehead, yet the man may be a fool for flying in the face of an accepted custom. The indulgence of his own taste must necessarily give him a great deal of trouble which he would have avoided by contentedly accepting the fashion tacitly agreed upon by his neighbours. A man who should insist upon working out his own theory of life without any reference to the opinion of his neighbours would have to waste his whole energy upon mere points of detail before he would have time for more important results. It would be inconvenient for each man to design his own clothes, in the same sense, though not in the same degree, as it would be inconvenient for each man to have his own system of coinage, or his own grammar and dictionary. This eccentricity in small matters encourages personal vanity; for nobody who has taken the trouble to design a special form of hat can resist the impression that he is morally or æsthetically superior to his neighbours. The slighter the peculiar difference upon which we pride ourselves, the greater is the temptation to value ourselves upon it. The Pharisee who is always standing out upon minutiae makes the tacit inference that, if he is so virtuous in the smallest things, he must be endowed with a preternaturally sensitive conscience. A lady

who refuses to let her servants use the formula "not at home" infers that she is absolutely incapable of lying, and must be running over with the truthfulness which is so constantly flourished in our faces. To all this it may be added that there is really no such thing as purely self-regarding conduct. A man who wears an ugly hat pleases himself when he is looking in the glass actually or in imagination; but he annoys every sensitive person who sees him in his objectionable apparel. Now, if originality in such matters would occasionally give birth to improvements, there can hardly be a doubt that it would promote a much larger number of monstrosities. Most men are fools, and certainly most men have bad taste; and, objectionable as are the tastes of aggregate humanity, yet it may be said that the mass is neither so foolish nor so absurd as the majority of its component units.

However freely, then, we may admit the propriety of extending the utmost possible social indulgence to individual eccentricities, it yet remains to be settled how far a sensible man will take advantage of the liberty conceded to him. There is doubtless something to be said on both sides. The freaks of fancy which annoy us in adventurous innovators may be regarded as symptomatic of a useful, though not a very agreeable, temperament. We all know the type of human being who has an irresistible inclination for every kind of novelty. He falls in love spontaneously with the last new crotchet for regenerating mankind. He has half-a-dozen nostrums ready to be produced at a moment's notice. He has been a vegetarian, a teetotaler, a hydropathist, and is the natural prey of the whole family of quacks. He has a tendency to mesmerism, phrenology, and spiritualism. He has some pet political device which in his eyes is always the vital question of the moment; and is resolved to vote against any and every candidate who will not swallow his own particular platform. Such persons are undoubtedly amongst the greatest nuisances of modern society both in England and America. If on the other side of the Atlantic they reveal themselves more completely, they are possibly more pertinacious and offensive where they have less elbow-room. And it is very tempting, when they claim the sacred rights of individuality on behalf of all their innumerable crotchets, to reject the claim altogether, and to say that

it is at the present day of less importance to encourage originality than to suppress the silly freaks of eccentricity. We wish to strengthen rather than to weaken the presumption that a man who rides off on a hobby of his own is more or less of a fool. And yet our impatience is unjust. These bores discharge a most important function. They are of the wood of which genuine reformers are made, as well as empty quacks. Of all the sacrifices that a man has to make in advancing a good cause, the most lamentable, but often the most necessary, is the sacrifice of himself. Martyrs are exceedingly useful people, but they are, it may be feared, very much given to be narrow-minded bores in real life. A man's nature is too often soured and his intellect narrowed by his setting himself in opposition to the general current of the world, even in defence of a good cause; and therefore it may be admitted that a certain proportion of these crotchety bigots are really doing good work, though in a clumsy fashion, and that we should bear with their perverse pigheadedness in consideration of the fact that they may be blundering into the right path. The defence amounts to saying that it is impossible to distinguish between the wheat and tares, and that even tares may be by accident a useful crop.

However these advantages may be balanced, it is still true that gratuitous singularity is really a great blunder, if not a sin. There is to all appearance no danger that we shall ever fall short of our due supply of eccentric reformers. Rather they seem to increase and multiply upon our hands, till our best hope is that they may counteract each other. Even in that case their efforts involve a terrible waste of energy, and it is upon that ground that we should chiefly venture to remonstrate with them. To economize as much as possible all the forces which make for the improvement of mankind is one of the main conditions upon which anything like progress depends. It is melancholy, as a rule, in reading the life of any great man, to reflect how much more might have been made of him by judicious management. If he had been educated from the beginning in the knowledge which he most needed, if he had found out his true vocation at an earlier period, if he had not been forced to throw away time and talent on merely temporary aims, his success might have been doubly or trebly remarkable. It is only by the rarest good fortune that the



best materials are turned to the best possible account; and, as a rule, it seems that the greatest statesmen or the ablest writers have left but fragments of work indicative of what they might have done under happier conditions. That this should be to some extent the case is of course inevitable. Nobody, it is probable, ever looked back upon his life without acknowledging that a large proportion of his energies have been wasted on trifles or in mere tentative blundering; and the evil cannot be redressed completely until a spirit of prophecy descends upon young men to tell them exactly what careers will be open to them in later life. But the fact of this lamentable waste suggests the importance of seeing things in a true perspective. The specific difference of the eccentric man is that he is unable to distinguish the great from the small objects of life. It seems to him to be equally desirable to protest against the practice of dyeing hats and of kidnapping negroes. His scrupulosity is so excessively developed that a small error torments him as much as a great crime. Any kind of singularity implies of necessity a certain discharge of vital force. The wheels of life run smoothly just in proportion as we are ready to take a large number of things for granted, and to accept established conventions for no other reason than that they are established. As soon as anybody acts on principles peculiar to himself, even in the smallest trifles, a certain amount of friction is set up, and frequently a disproportionate waste of thought and temper. Of course it does not follow that no protest should be made against prevailing customs upon small points. There are some people who, if they took a perfectly unprejudiced view of the universe and of their own position and talents, would come to the conclu-

sion that the task most appropriate to their powers was carrying out a protest against the existing fashion of hats. A true humility would lead them to select for their own province the humblest possible duty in the national household. But unfortunately an excessive value for trifles does not generally result from humility, but from the very opposite. A man undertakes the least things because he is of opinion that his energy is so superabundant that he may attend to everything, from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop on the wall. And, in this sense, a love of singularity is generally an indication of weakness of character, and therefore not a thing to be encouraged. There are so many evils to be redressed in this world, and there is so much want of people to undertake the task in the right spirit, that one has some right to condemn anybody who fritters himself away upon trifling grievances. If indeed he could slay any one outright, however infinitesimal it might be, we should be little disposed to condemn him. But when, as is much more frequently the case, his affectation of singularity is merely due to vanity, we may fairly complain that a power of fighting public opinion should be thrown away. To be capable of running counter to the general current of sentiment is a force which, like others, may be turned to good or bad account; and the presumption certainly seems to be that, when it is directed to a trifling end, a sufficiently rare and useful quality is being thrown away. Instead of helping the social machinery to work more effectively, such a man may be merely introducing a superfluous disturbance, and the probability is that he is at any rate not making the best of the useful talent of shocking prejudices, and annoying neighbours.

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CHARLES DE COURTILLE, Marquis de Chavenay, one of the great names of France, and a descendant on the female side of the Capuchin, Father Joseph, the confidant of Richelieu, has just entered the Monastery of La Trappe. During the war he was one of the heroes of the charge of Reichshoffen. Being wounded at Monsbronn, he rallied the squadrons and still continued to fight valiantly until he fell from his horse through exhaustion, and was left for dead. He was about to be interred

when some one perceived that he still breathed, and being attended to he recovered. Taken prisoner, he made his escape and joined the army of the Loire. At the combat of La Rolande he was again wounded and made captive. On his liberation he learnt the death of his wife, a victim of her devotedness to the ambulances, and his father had been killed at the battle of Patay. These successive afflictions plunged him into a deep melancholy and decided him to become a monk.